

# IMPROVEMENT ERA



Vol. 29

No. 9

JULY, 1926

ORGAN OF THE PRIESTHOOD  
QUORUMS, THE YOUNG MEN'S  
MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIA-  
TIONS AND THE SCHOOLS OF THE  
CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF ~  
LATTER-DAY SAINTS ~~~~~

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Proud sentinel o'er a soldier grave;  
Mute tribute to the life he gave,  
When titled monarchs in conclave  
    Planned their Holocaust.  
Great Master of men's destiny,  
Give them power that they may see  
How utterly void the earth must be  
    With human freedom lost.

Love sinews from a maiden's heart,  
Knit snugly there from friendship's start,  
Were singly, slowly torn apart  
    To weave my stripes of red.  
And Mother's hair erstwhile so brown,  
By dumb fear changed to white swan's down,  
Offered this, her hallowed crown,  
    For white stripes, warp and thread.

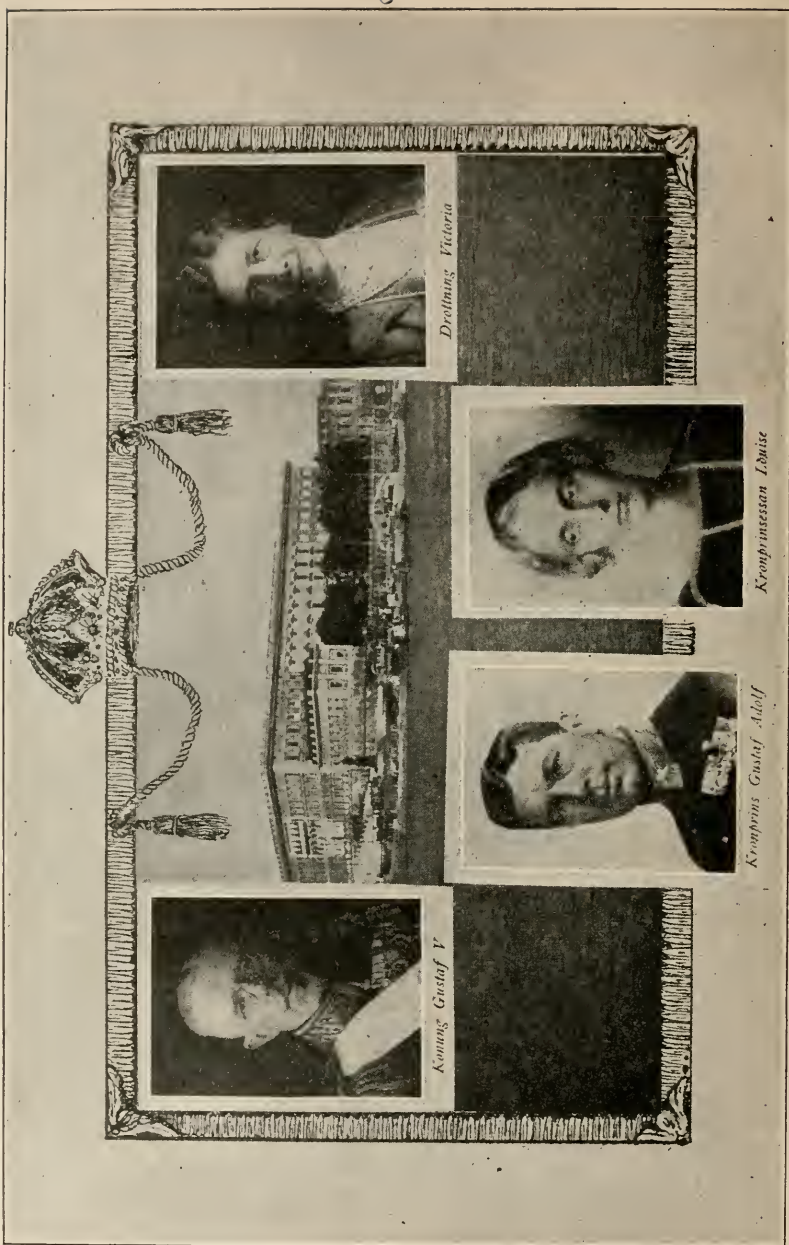
From countless orphaned baby eyes,  
My field of blue was synthesized,  
That sovereign emblems from the skies  
    Might gleam a refutation.  
Each seismic thread of marshalled feet,  
And muffled throb of war drum's beat,  
Borne on the breeze, transforms my sheet  
    To frenzied protestation.

As weary workmen homeward plod,  
As Irene reigns o'er crag and sod,  
With folded arms I bow to God  
    In vesper meditation;  
And this my silent prayer must be,  
At once desire and prophecy,  
"Great God, may I, through sympathy,  
    Teach men felicitation."

*Sigurd, Utah.*

IRVIN L. WARNOCK.





Crown Prince Gustaf Adolph and Princess Louise, Swedish Royalties, visit the United States. It is announced that they expect to spend a part of July 9 in Salt Lake City, and later take a tour of the canyons of Southern Utah.

See article by J. M. Sjodahl in this number.

# IMPROVEMENT ERA

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Vol. XXIX

JULY, 1926

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No. 9

## THE RELIGION OF THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS\*

BY HON. REED SMOOT, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM UTAH

*Note*—The following article appeared in the March issue of *The Herald of the Star*, London, and is here reproduced by permission. As published the article was accompanied by an editorial comment reading:

"Mr. Smoot is Chairman of the National Finance Committee of the United States. Last Summer he was an honored guest of President Coolidge at his Summer residence. He is everywhere in the United States of America respected for his ability and integrity."

It may be added that Senator Smoot is a figure of international prominence, and the high repute in which he is held abroad is equalled only by the esteem accorded him by his own countrymen.

Not only is he in the front rank of American statesmen, but also occupies an exalted position in the ecclesiastical organization to which he belongs, being one of the Council of the Twelve Apostles of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.—*Editor Millennial Star*.

The Latter-day Saints are called "Mormons," and their religion "Mormonism," for the same reason that the ancient followers of the Christ were called "Christians" and their religion "Christianism," or "Christianity." That reason was a desire on the part of those hostile to the strange creed to render it and its disciples ridiculous in the eyes of mankind. How far the desire was realized, history tells. Today, in all the civilized world, there is no name more honored than that of "Christian," and I confidently look for history to repeat itself in making the name "Mormon" equally well-esteemed.

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\*This article with introductory editorial note appeared in the *Millennial Star*, April 22, 1926.

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The true name of the followers of Joseph Smith is Latter-day Saints, in contradistinction to the former-day Saints—the “Christians” of Christ’s time. The case is simply this: An ancient American prophet named Mormon wrote upon metal plates a religious history entitled *The Book of Mormon*, which Joseph Smith, by divine aid and direction, discovered, translated, and published to the world. From the first, those who believed in that book were styled “Mormons”—just why, let the logicians decide. It would be just as reasonable to dub the members of the Methodist Church “Wesleys” after the founder of that organization, or the Presbyterians “Calvins,” as it is to term the Latter-day Saints “Mormons.” But when the world makes up its mind to oppose a religious innovation, especially if it claims a divine origin, reason and logic are too often conspicuous by their absence. They are thrown to the winds, and clamor and mob-violence substituted. The case of “Mormonism” is no exception.

Perhaps the commonest mistake made by its opponents is the supposition that it is a new creed, a modern development of religion. But “Mormonism” makes no such pretension. It proclaims itself the everlasting gospel, a restored religion, not a new one. It harks back to the creation of the world, when God gave to the man, whom he had created in his own image, the knowledge of a previous life, the object of the present existence, and the destiny of the race after this life has been lived. In other words, to Adam, the first man, was revealed the gospel of Jesus Christ—a code or system of sacred laws or ordinances, instituted in the heavens before this world was created, and designed for man’s uplift, eternal progress and glorious exaltation. The gospel was rendered operative unto this great end by Adam’s fall and by Christ’s redemption—two great steps in the onward march toward perfection.

Adam’s fall brought man’s spirit into the world, and clothed it with a body of flesh and bone; Christ’s atoning sacrifice nullified the universal death resulting from the original transgression, and made it possible for man, thus redeemed from the grave, to go on to everlasting glory.

The first principle of the gospel is Faith in God; the second, Repentance; the third, Baptism; and the fourth, the Gift of the Holy Ghost. But this is only the doorway into the kingdom. Obedience to all divine commands must supplement those initial requirements, if one would inherit the highest degree of heavenly glory. Such were among the teachings of the modern prophet, and that they accord strictly with the doctrines inculcated by the Savior and his ancient apostles is due to the fact that the gospel is the same in all ages. Joseph Smith taught no new doctrine. He brought back the ancient faith, whose restoration to earth in the latter days was foreseen by John on Patmos, in the year 96 A. D. (Rev. 14:6.)

“Mormonism” makes no claim to originality, so far as its doctrines

are concerned. Framed in the heavens, it was revealed first to Adam; after him to Enoch, to Noah, to Abraham, and to Moses, in a series of dispensations reaching down to the days of Christ, and on into these latter days, when it has come again, this time to prepare the way before the second appearing of the Lord and the winding up of his work as pertaining to this planet. Such is its ancient past and present purpose, as set forth in the sacred books of the Church. These books, in addition to the Bible, are the *Book of Mormon*, the *Doctrine and Covenants*, and the *Pearl of Great Price*, the latter two containing the revelations of Jesus Christ to his servant Joseph Smith.

When "Mormonism" came forth, the doctrine was being widely taught that men were either predestined to be saved or predestined to be damned, regardless of any good or evil done by them. Joseph Smith denounced this as a false doctrine, declaring that no man was predestined either to be saved or damned, but that every man was a free moral agent, with the right to choose between good and evil and take the consequences of his choice.

Infant damnation was another popular tenet of that period. Little children who died without being baptized were consigned by the theologians to the infernal regions, and there was no hope of redemption. Said Joseph Smith: "Baptism is for the remission of sins, and little children are sinless; therefore they need no baptism, but are redeemed by the blood of Christ from the foundation of the world."

It was also held that many of the best men and women of antiquity were eternally lost, simply because they had not lived on earth when the gospel was here. Joseph Smith maintained, with John the Revelator, that all men will be judged according to their works (Rev. 20:11-13) and that none will be held accountable for opportunities that they never possessed. Joseph went so far as to say that men will be judged, not only for their deeds, but for their desires, and that all who would have obeyed the gospel, had they been given the opportunity, will stand upon the same plane as those who do obey it, and are heirs of the celestial kingdom. All men will have an opportunity to receive the gospel, in this world or the next, and those who obey it here have the privilege of saving their dead ancestors, who prove worthy, through the performance of sacred ordinances in their behalf. For this purpose, among others, the Latter-day Saints build temples, wherein this vicarious work is done.

There was one heaven for the righteous, and one hell for the wicked, according to the orthodoxy of Joseph Smith's day. But he pointed to the teachings of Jesus, who said to his faithful disciples: "In my Father's house are many mansions—I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am, there ye may be also." This promise was not to everybody, but only to those worthy of it; and the "place" referred to was but one of the "many mansions" of the Father.



Virtually the same doctrine was taught by Paul the Apostle, who said: "There are also celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial \* \* \* There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars: for one star differeth from another star in glory. So also is the resurrection of the dead." Joseph Smith amplified this doctrine, claiming to have had a vision of the three glories—celestial, terrestrial and telestial—constituting, with their various degrees, the "many mansions" spoken of by the Savior. Celestial glory, of which the sun in the firmament is typical, is for those who obey (or would have obeyed) the gospel on earth; terrestrial glory, which is comparable to the moon, for those who receive not the testimony of Jesus in the flesh, but afterwards receive it; and telestial glory, symbolized by the stars, is the eternal abode of those who are redeemed after passing through hell, where they are purged of their sins, and are then delivered from the spirit prison house and given a portion, but not the fulness, of God's glory.

All men are to be saved, said Joseph Smith, except "the sons of perdition," those who have had every opportunity, not only for salvation, but for exaltation, and have proved recreant to every trust—men who have embraced the gospel and borne the Priesthood, who have known God and his Son, and have sinned against the Holy Ghost by denying and trampling upon all.

Such in brief is "Mormonism," or, as it proclaims itself, the everlasting gospel, restored after an absence of ages, at the opening of the greatest and last of the gospel dispensations—the Dispensation of the Fulness of Times. It is not a menace to mankind, any more than was primitive and pure Christianity, which "Mormonism" claims to be. Its purpose is to gather the scattered House of Israel, that they may be ready to meet their God, Jehovah, when he again appears. He will come first to Zion, the New Jerusalem, a sacred city yet to be built upon the North American continent, which, with South America, constitutes the Land of Zion. He will then go to Jerusalem, where the Jews, now gathering to that place, having rebuilt their ancient city, will recognize in him the long looked for Messiah, whom their forefathers rejected and crucified. They will fall at his feet, worship him, and be converted to the truth.

To effect these mighty purposes, Joseph Smith, claiming lineal descent from Joseph of old, through the loins of Ephraim, lifted the "Ensign" for the assembling of the dispersed House of Israel—the modern descendants of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, (Isaiah 11:12). In other words, he organized the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and sent a colony into western Missouri to begin the work of "building up Zion." He also dispatched an apostolic messenger to Palestine, to dedicate that land for the return of the Jews. This mission was accomplished, but the Missourian colony were not allowed to complete their work. They were driven by mobs from the lands



that they had purchased from the Government, and were not permitted to return.

It may interest British readers to know that Orson Hyde, the apostle sent by the Prophet Joseph Smith to dedicate the land of Palestine, performed that duty in October, 1841, and prophesied, a little later, that Great Britain would be an instrument in the hands of Providence for the reclamation of that land and the return of Judah to his ancient heritage. This prediction was fulfilled in part when General Allenby, at the head of a British army, in December, 1917, entered Jerusalem, drove out the Turks, made an English Jew Governor and established a British protectorate over the land of Palestine.

Pending the rise of the City of Zion in America, the Latter-day Saints are establishing Stakes of Zion (outposts) in the region of the Rocky Mountains. Joseph Smith, shortly before his tragic death, predicted the coming of his people into these parts, and Brigham Young, the Prophet's successor, made good the prediction. Jackson county, Missouri, however, and not Salt Lake City, Utah, is the site of the future Zion of latter-day Israel.

From the stakes of Zion approximately two thousand missionaries of both sexes are sent forth annually—not to bring women to Utah, as is vulgarly supposed, but to acquaint the world with the true aims and purposes of the Latter-day Saints. Most of these missionaries are young people born and reared in "Mormon" homes, and the most careful combing of the earth would not bring together a cleaner and better lot of boys and girls. They pay their own expenses, and give their services without material compensation to a cause dear to them all. They are expected to lead pure lives, to preach the gospel by example as well as by precept, and give no reasonable cause for complaint to the people among whom they minister.

These missionaries, like the ancient apostles, are sent "into all the world," to "preach the gospel to every creature," and, contrary to false reports, they make no special effort for the conversion of women. If more women than men join the Church, it is simply because women are more religious than men in general, as every student of the subject knows. Our elders are under strict injunction to baptize no married woman without the consent of her husband, nor any minor without permission from parents or guardians.

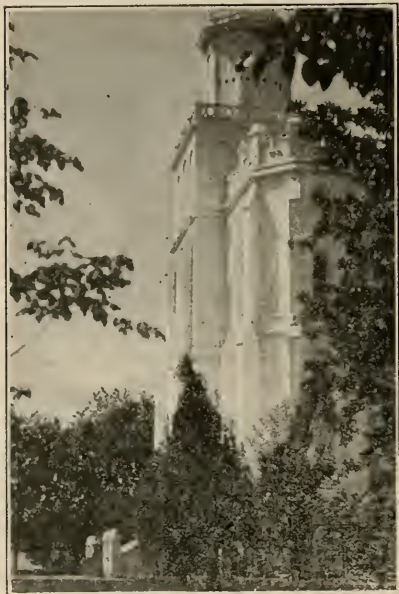
The greater part of the Church membership is in the stakes of Zion, now numbering ninety-four, and extending from Canada to Mexico. The stakes are territorial divisions, sub-divided into wards, each stake and ward being so thoroughly organized as to constitute almost a church in itself. The general authorities, headed by the First Presidency, are the bond of union for all. Outside the stakes, there are upwards of twenty missions, comprising most of the countries of the globe. The Latter-day Saints are loyal to any govern-

ment under which they live. Among our Articles of Faith are the following:

"We claim the privilege of worshiping Almighty God according to the dictates of our own conscience, and allow all men the same privilege, let them worship how, where, or what they may.

"We believe in being subject to kings, presidents, rulers, and magistrates, in obeying, honoring and sustaining the law.

"We believe in being honest, true, chaste, benevolent, virtuous, and in doing good to all men. \* \* \* If there is anything virtuous, lovely, or of good report or praiseworthy, we seek after these things."



## St. George Temple

This beautiful view of the St. George Temple, taken April 23, 1926, shows a delightful corner of the temple grounds. The picture below shows the employees and ordinance workers: two from Panguitch, two from Kanab, two from Beaver, two from Parowan, two from Moapa stake; the others are all from St. George stake. On the 24th of April, 1926, two special sessions were held in the temple to accommodate an excursion from the Parowan stake. During the two sessions 276 endowment ordinances were performed, the largest number in any one day in the history of the temple. Elder George F. Whitehead is the president of the St. George Temple.



# THE "MORMON" PIONEERS

BY HERBERT B. MAW

[This speech was given by invitation before the students of the Northwestern University. The author served as chaplain in the late war. He was formerly superintendent of the Y. M. M. I. A. of Liberty stake; has been a teacher in the L. D. S. University, and is now a law student in the Northwestern University, Chicago. Much favorable comment about the "Mormons" has been heard at many student gatherings since the speech was given, and it has helped to destroy many adverse impressions so often entertained by students concerning the Latter-day Saints.—*Editors.*]

*Dean Hardy: Ladies and Gentlemen:*

If I were to provide a stage setting for this address which would be in harmony with prevailing ideas about the "Mormons," I suppose I should form a half circle of chairs behind me, and in chair number one, place wife number one, in chair number two, wife number two, and so on around the circle until all the chairs were filled, and then I should ask the rest of my wives to crowd into the rear of the auditorium. (Laughter.)

But I want you to know that, when I tell you of the "Mormon" Pioneers, I tell you of my people and the people of my friends. When I tell you of their faith, I tell you of a religion which I believe in more sincerely than anything else in life. The story of these people includes an account of a young woman who left Old England three-quarters of a century ago, crossed the Atlantic, and walked for fifteen hundred miles across the uninhabited plains which lie between the Mississippi river and the Salt Lake Valley, to get to a place where she might worship God according to the dictates of her own conscience. She was my grandmother. Their history includes an account of a Methodist minister, my grandfather, who heard the voice of this religion, and leaving his career as a minister, a legislator, and orator behind him, joined the trains of fearless emigrants, which crept across the hot and solitary desert, to spend his declining years as a tiller of the soil, ever praising God for the faith and hope that had come into his life. Their story is one of small bands of converts gathered together from every part of the civilized world, who gave up their homes, their wealth, and their friends to answer this call of religion; and who endured unceasing persecution because of their beliefs. The story of the "Mormons" is a story of the trail breakers of the West, the subduers and colonizers of deserts; of men and women who overcame the ravages of disease and famine; subdued fierce and warlike Indians, endured cold and hunger, conquered a section of the earth that had never been disturbed by the hands of man

—a land that Daniel Webster said, before the United States Senate, was an abode of rattlesnakes and wild Indians and unfit for human habitation; and they made that land blossom as the rose.

Every American should be interested in the "Mormon" pioneer, because:

1. His story is one of America's greatest epics.
2. He is the most outstanding example of America's pioneers.

Yet how can you believe all this about these people in the face of what one hears about them? There are people within these United States who honestly believe that the "Mormons" are wild, immoral, and ignorant. Only last Summer, as I was walking down one of the main streets of Salt Lake City, a certain gentleman with his wife and daughter approached me and asked:

"Do you live in this city?" "I do," I answered.

"Will you tell me, then," he asked seriously, "whether a man is perfectly safe on the streets of this city unarmed." "And why not?" I inquired.

"Isn't one of these 'Mormons' likely to break out and pounce upon him?" Then I saw the humor of the situation and said, seriously. "Do you mean to tell me that you are not carrying a revolver now? Don't you realize that you are talking to a 'Mormon' at the present time—that half of the people on this street are 'Mormons'?"

"You are joking," he answered in confusion. "Why, you don't look like a 'Mormon'."

"I don't?" I asked, "then-what do they look like?"

"Why, I have always understood that they have horns."

"We do," I answered, "But we are like reindeers, we shed them once a year." (Great laughter.)

You laugh at that, yet isn't it true that you have entertained some ideas about these people which are almost as ridiculous? Have you not heard, for instance, impossible tales about the polygamy of the "Mormons," and believed them without ever giving a thought towards investigating the truth or falsity of them?"

Two or three weeks ago I read a speech that had been delivered in England a few years ago. The speaker told his audience that Brigham Young had two hundred wives, and his listeners believed him. Imagine, if you can, a man with two hundred wives and living (laughter). Now I do not know how many wives Brigham Young had. I have never inquired. But I do know a few pertinent facts. I know that he took care of all of them. I know that he reared, educated his children, and taught them a reverence for God. I do know that his descendants today are presidents and cashiers of banks, professors in universities, lawyers, physicians, heads of prosperous busi-



nesses, preachers of the gospel of Jesus Christ, that they are among the highest types of American citizens; and that they honor their great progenitor.

I know that he, as well as the other one or two per cent of men in the Church who entered into the vows of plural marriage, were prompted by the highest and most noble motives, and that many of them gave up the luxuries of life to provide for large families. I know that the women who were willing to share their husbands with others were far more unselfish and noble than most women of today.

I ask you, as you listen to the unfolding of the story of their activities that you look upon these people as normal human beings, who put their worship of God ahead of money, and everything else in life; and who were willing to suffer anything or everything for their religion.

I shall first tell you something about the Church, then relate the account of their achievements.

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, commonly called the "Mormon" Church, was organized April 6, 1830, in New York state. There was then a membership of six souls. Since that time it has grown until today there are more than five hundred thousand members. From its organization until the present time it and its people have been objects of endless persecutions. Why? I don't know. If you can explain why the Biblical prophets were persecuted even while they ministered to their people, why the early Christians were hunted and murdered, why the Christ himself was hated and crucified, you can perhaps explain the "Mormon" persecution. Suffice it to say that they have always been colorful targets; and that they have borne it all with the same brand of courage that has been characteristic of all people who have been endowed with the Church of Jesus Christ.

People have often wondered what power could produce such loyalty, and what motivating forces could cause, for instance, thousands of officers in the Church to minister to the sick, conduct religious services, and spend many hours each week in performing their religious duties, without remuneration. They wonder, moreover, why more than one thousand men in the Church, voluntarily leave their homes and give up their schooling, businesses and professions every year to serve as missionaries in every part of the civilized world,—suffering abuses, having doors shut in their faces, being sneered at because they are "Mormons"—when they not only receive no pay for their services, but bear every cent of their own expense from the time they leave their homes until they are released, two or three years later. What power could make a people so earnest in their convictions that they would willingly sacrifice every-

thing on earth for it? The answer is simple. It is because we believe that God has spoken from the heavens in these latter days and restored the gospel, in all of its simplicity and beauty, that was preached in Judea. We believe that during the early Christian Era the priesthood of God was taken from the earth and that it has been restored again, having been conferred upon our prophet, Joseph Smith, by divine beings; and that through that priesthood God reveals his will to his Church today as he did to his Church in ancient days. "We believe that he will yet reveal many great and important things pertaining to the kingdom of God," is an article of our faith. Every "Mormon" accepts the fact, without question, that Christ lived and that he is the Son of God and that Joseph Smith was a prophet of God, endowed with power to open up the last dispensation. So firmly have they always believed it, that whenever it has become necessary to choose between comfortable homes and their testimony of the divinity of their Church, they have clung to the latter and become outcasts, and objects of persecution. When their enemies have demanded denouncement of their religion, they have borne their testimonies to the truth of it and in return have been driven from city to city and state to state, robbed, beaten, abused, and many murdered. They have seen their homes plundered, their crops destroyed, their women wronged, and their men whipped by fiendish mobs. They have suffered it all with a prayer in their hearts that they might endure faithfully to the end. Even when their prophet was taken by painted men who posed as Indians and negroes and was shot to death in Carthage, Illinois, sealing with his life's blood his testimony of the divinity of his mission, they did not falter.

I have two children whom I love with all my heart. If I can plant in their souls a spark of the courage of their grandparents, and rear them with the faith in God, and the love for fellow men that their pioneer fathers had, I shall want no more. My efforts shall have been rewarded.

Let us now go back to the year 1846, in the city of Nauvoo, Illinois, located on the banks of the Mississippi river. It was, at that time, the largest city in Illinois, having been built by the "Mormons" on filled-in swamp lands.

Persecution, which had driven the Saints from New York to Ohio, then to Mississippi, now broke in upon them in all its fury, until, in the year 1846, it became clear that they must move again. So brutal was this opposition, that men, women, and little children were forced to leave their homes and all they possessed, except what could be placed in wagons, in the middle of the Winter, and to cross on the ice of the Mississippi in sub-zero weather. One of their women wrote in her diary, "We are now fixing to leave our homes and all we have except what two wagons will hold. Our place of destination we know not." Another said, "We are leaving our homes

to cross the frozen river. We must not look back; but placing our faith in God, we must leave our destiny in his hands."

That was the spirit of the movement—"placing our faith in God; we must leave our destiny in his hands." It was that spirit which enabled nine mothers to bring into the world nine little babies in a single night on Sugar Creek on the Iowa side of the ice-covered river, without shelter to protect them from the cutting blasts of wintry blizzards. Though they left a trail of blood, from cut and bruised feet, behind them, it was that spirit that pushed them on through the storms of snow and wind and rain. It was their trust in their heavenly Father which enabled them to smile on their sufferings from poverty, sickness, and death and to cling hopefully to their religion. Where most people would have faltered, this spirit impelled them on. Where others would have sunk in despair they gathered around their camp fires, making the wintry nights ring with such songs as "We thank thee, O God, for a prophet," [*L. D. S. Hymn Book*, p. 166. The speaker read the whole hymn.]

Such was the beginning of their westward migration. I shall not tell you of the suffering of these people. How they waded through the muds of Iowa and built a town they called Winter Quarters—an outpost and supply station for those who were to follow; how they, who were used to beautiful and comfortable homes, now lived in tents, huts, and dugouts; how a plague broke out among them, killing many before Winter passed; how little children, women and men all suffered for want of food and from exposure. All of this is too distressing to talk about, so let us pass to April 7, 1847, when the first train left Winter Quarters to break the trail to the mountains.

The "Mormons" were the first home-seekers to go into the West. A few trappers, and missionaries and explorers had preceded them; but they were the first colonizers. There were no roads to follow, no bridges over streams. They must blaze the trail and ford the rivers. There were no laws nor government authority to tame the fierce savages. They must cope with them as best they could. So putting their fate in the hands of Providence, they followed their prophet leader, Brigham Young, and set their faces westward.

The first company was made up of one hundred and forty-three people. With their oxen-drawn wagons, the movement was of necessity slow. Sometimes accidents, storms, or topographic conditions limited their progress to a mile or two in a day. Then when conditions were favorable they covered twenty or twenty-five miles a day. Perfect order was maintained throughout the march. They were divided into companies, each having its captain. All followed instructions. They arose at five a. m. and attended prayers. Then they fed their stock, ate breakfast, and made ready to move by seven o'clock. The wagons traveled single file, each teamster walking beside his team, carrying a loaded gun. In case of an attack from Indians,

the wagons traveled in double file. Camps were made at night by placing the wagons in a circle with their tongues to the outside. Horses and stock were tied inside the circle. At 8:30 p. m. all went to their wagons, enjoyed family prayers, and retired by nine o'clock. On Sunday they rested, spending the day in worship. So day after day they moved farther and farther into the wilderness.

As one poet has written,

"We came to deep rivers—  
They wouldn't turn back.  
We met the Philistine—  
God let them attack.  
We suffered famine—  
But no manna came;

Yet over the plains  
Moved our pillar of flame;  
'Twas Prophet Joseph Smith—  
His flesh they might slay,  
But his spirit blazed  
Our wilderness way."

They crossed the plains of Nebraska, climbed to the high plateau of Wyoming, and moved through the sun-tortured sage brush and salt grass of that state to the edge of the mountains. There they came upon the fort of Jim Bridger, the great western trapper. He told them what he knew of the country ahead. He referred to the Salt Lake Valley as a land of great desolation, and devoid of vegetation. He said that the Indians around the lake were poverty stricken and bad, living on grass hoppers and grass, and is said to have stated that he would pay one thousand dollars for the first ear of corn that could be raised in the Salt Lake Valley.

Yet this did not hinder them. They knew that their God was directing them; and so, putting their faith in him, they moved on through the then barren Echo canyon, down the beautiful Emigration canyon until, on the 24th of July, 1847, the company halted at the edge of the valley and looked over the landscape. Then it was when Brigham Young, sick from mountain fever, arose from his bed, surveyed with his eyes the valley and uttered the memorable words—"This is the place." This was the place where there would be no more warfare, no more abuses, no more woes. Here they could build their Zion and find peace. Yet, as they gazed at the desolate scene before them, their hearts sank. One of the women writes that she wept as she looked. The hills to the north were burned to a yellow. Not a single tree except one lone cedar greeted their gaze. Except for a few willows along the banks of the canyon streams, everything was barren and uninviting. It was truly a land of desolation. But their leader, whom they recognized as a prophet of God, had said, "This is the place," so they moved on into the valley, and before the gorgeous color of sunset had faded out of the great Salt Lake, their plows were in the soil and the gigantic process of western colonization had begun.

From that date on for years to follow thousands of emigrants moved across those plains, and settled in the valleys of the mountains.



For years their trains consisted of oxen-drawn wagons—and every pioneer endured similar hardships and privations. Then the day came when hundreds of "Mormons" found themselves in Winter Quarters, Iowa, without enough money to buy wagons and oxen and horses; so, rather than give up their hope of reaching Zion, they and others built two-wheeled carts, put all their earthly belongings in them and pushed them across the plains. Men, women and children joined these processions—never faltering, ever sacrificing until they finally reached the valley, singing as they went:

"Some must push and some must pull,  
As we go marching up the hill;  
As merrily on the way we go  
Until we reach the valley, O."

All of the tales of hardships which accompanied these journeys will never be told. The unhappiness which came to those who must bury their loved ones on the plains; the hours of fear of Indian attacks, the tortures from the heat, and sufferings from cold; the long, tedious tramps, the heavy hearts and bruised feet of those courageous pilgrims would fill hundreds of volumes. Yet, they endured it all to reach the West.

I remember, on one occasion, listening to an aged member of one of these hand cart companies relate the story of her hardships on the plains. She told how she suffered; how her shoes wore out and she was forced to go barefooted; how the sands burned her feet, the thorns pierced them, the stones bruised them; how she wrapped them in sacks and skins—anything to get relief; how tired and homesick she would get, and how the Indians terrified her. When she had finished, I asked her: "Was it all worth while?"

I shall never forget her answer. She rose to her feet and was exalting in her bearing as she said: "Worth while? I would go through it all again, for my religion." And as she spoke she wept; but why shouldn't she weep? Somewhere on those plains she had buried her babe.

Hers is the story of thousands of others who overcame resistance to reach their objective. And she was but one of all who took the journey, who at night, when hearts were heavy and bodies weary, would gather around their camp fires and stir up their spirits with their song of hope:

Come, come, ye Saints, no toil nor labor fear,  
But with joy wend your way;  
Though hard to you this journey may appear,  
Grace shall be as your day.  
'Tis better far for us to strive  
Our useless cares from us to drive.  
Do this, and joy your hearts will swell—  
All is well, all is well!

Why should we mourn, or think our lot is hard?  
 'Tis not so; all is right!  
 Why should we think to earn a great reward  
 If we now shun the fight.  
 Gird up your loins, fresh courage take,  
 Our God will never us forsake;  
 And soon we'll have this tale to tell,  
 All is well, all is well!

We'll find the place which God for us prepared  
 Far away in the West;  
 Where none shall come to hurt or make afraid;  
 There the Saints will be blest.  
 We'll make the air with music ring,  
 Shout praises to our God and King;  
 Above the rest these words we'll tell—  
 All is well, all is well!

And should we die before our journey's through.  
 Happy day! all is well!  
 We then are free from toil and sorrow, too;  
 With the just we shall dwell.  
 But if our lives are spared again  
 To see the Saints, their rest obtain,  
 Oh, how we'll make this chorus swell—  
 All is well, all is well!

It is my contention that the "Mormon" pioneer is the greatest example of the American pioneer, because throughout all of his history he remained loyal to the government of the United States.

While they were quartered in their hovels at Winter Quarters, a recruiting officer of the government rode into their camp and stated that the United States was in war with Mexico and called for volunteers. Brigham Young asked him how many he wanted. He answered, "five hundred men," a very large number to ask of people in their circumstances. Now mark you; less than a year before Brigham Young had appealed to the governor of Illinois for help to save their homes, but instead they were driven from them. Not many years had passed since their leader had petitioned the government of the United States for protection only to receive the answer, "Gentlemen, your cause is just, but we can do nothing for you." Yet when a representative of that government called on the "Mormons" for help, Brigham Young answered, "We may not have five hundred men who can go, but if there are not enough men, our women will fight." And so five hundred young men joined the army and marched to war, while their wives and mothers crossed the plains.

The pioneers reached their destination on Saturday, July 24, 1847. On Sunday they worshipped God, and on Monday morning, July 26, in the then Mexican territory, they planted the Stars and Stripes. And that flag has waved over that valley ever since.

The first telegraphic message which passed from Salt Lake City east, after the wires were strung, was sent by Brigham Young to Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States. It stated that the "Mormons" had not seceded.

I say that the "Mormons" are America's greatest pioneers, because they went West to make homes and not to seek wealth. Like their pilgrim forefathers, they entered a wilderness, overcame the elements, and founded a state. On the day they arrived they commenced to build homes and they have never stopped building them. On the same day they began tilling the soil and have been tilling it ever since. By their efforts they have changed that forbidding desert into one of the most productive districts in the land.

I say that they are the greatest pioneers of our country, because they at all times maintained their faith in God. They went West to find a place where they could worship as they wanted, and their religious convictions were the motivating forces that impelled them on. They sacrificed much for their beliefs. When they arrived in the valley they built places of worship. Though they had no nails, they constructed the great "Mormon" tabernacle, binding the rafters together with cow-hide and wooden pegs. Their labors resulted in one of the largest unsupported arched roofs in the world. For forty years they labored to build a temple to their God. For forty years they brought stones out of the mountains and slowly raised an edifice which is a credit to their name, and wherein they can perform the sacred ordinances of the Church, for the living and for the dead. Most of what they did was with the view of advancing the work of God upon the earth.

And God did not forget them in their trials. Thousands of testimonies have been spoken of his blessings. Many instances of his goodness could be related. I shall close by telling just one of them.

Because of the lateness of their arrival in the valley, in 1847, they were able to raise only enough wheat for seed for the next season. In the Spring of 1848, they planted their fields and watched their crops grow until their wheat stood six or eight inches high. One day when their hopes were highest, they saw black crickets come from the hills in droves—closer and blacker and larger until, to their distress, they saw millions of them ready to destroy their crops. They fought the pest with all their strength to no avail. Their lives depended upon their crops. They must have a harvest. Many of them were living on sego roots and wild plants until their crops should mature—they must have help. Then it was that they fasted and prayed for help. They told the Lord of their suffering, how they had given up all that was dear to them, how they were willing to sacrifice more for his cause, but now they were praying for their lives—they were calling on him for food. They had hardly finished their prayers when, looking to the west, they saw a cloud forming and coming toward them. To their joy thousands of sea gulls settled down on the crickets and devoured them, and flew to the streams and lake and disgorged them only to fly back for more. Before that evening came, the pest was destroyed and the crops saved. God had

answered their prayers with a miracle. It was a marvelous manifestation and relief.

On the temple square in Salt Lake City, a monument has been raised to the sea gull, and on that monument is written the story of their service to the pioneers.

This and other miracles quite as wonderful, just as convincing, strengthened their faith and they went on praising the Lord as they had done before, and as their children and children's children have continued to do ever since, with word of mouth, and, with songs of the heart.

*Chicago, Ill.*

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## The Wagon Train

The train moves on from day to day,  
Unharm'd pursues its destined way.  
The Scout is there strict watch to keep,  
As one who never seems to sleep.

Fair Elsie journeyed with the train  
And daily rode upon the plain.  
I cannot tell how cupid's dart,  
Had pierced this gentle maiden's heart,  
Save that her youth's untaught romance  
Was kindled by his eagle glance.  
The look of sadness that he wore  
Endeared him to her heart the more.  
Sweet love a native language speaks  
In conscious look and blushing cheeks,  
And what she thought by art concealed,  
Was by her artlessness revealed.

When by her horse he drew his rein,  
They rode together o'er the plain.  
He told her many thrilling tales  
Of buffalo hunt and Indian trails,  
Of hunters lost amidst the wood,  
Of prairie fires, of storm and flood,  
Of Indian bride in battle won,  
Of daring deed by Red man done,—  
And marked with thrill, all new and strange,  
Her red cheek's glowing color change.  
'Twas thus, as o'er the plain they ride,  
The border hero wooed a bride.  
No other love his life had known,  
His soul as virgin as her own.



How sweet those days when side by side,  
In the face of all their world they ride.  
No senseless forms, no vain pretense  
Obscures their joy in shadows dense.  
And innocence has dignity,  
More than a crowned king's majesty.

His love in words not shy nor bold  
The Scout in fitting hour told.  
(When did pure love e'er woe in vain?)  
Too true to give a lover pain  
By torturing arts of vain coquet,  
(So oft the prelude to regret.)  
With modest grace her love confessed,  
Was clasped in rapture to his breast.  
They look into each other's eyes  
And earth becomes a paradise.  
Their lips meet in the lover's kiss  
And they have tasted heaven's bliss.  
They nothing lack their love to bless,  
Earth thrilled with Eden happiness,  
And when true love's in virtue given,  
The human heart still turns to heaven.  
Faith rests a crown upon the brows,  
God is the priest that binds their vows.

Not shining robes of bridal white,  
Not written vows, nor legal rite,  
Not interests vast, nor gold bought hands,  
Not kingly blood, nor princely lands,  
Not weighty laws applied with care,—  
Until God puts his sanction there,—  
Can e'er unite a destiny  
In holy truth and constancy.

Yet all these forms may interpose  
Guards between Honor and her foes.  
So tear not down with my consent  
Frail bars which guard the innocent;  
Hedge well the throne where Honor sits,  
Love has so many counterfeits;  
And loftiest truth itself might be  
The mask for deepest villainy.

But Oh, that spot in life is sweet,  
Where youth and love and duty meet!

ELLEN L. JAKEMAN.

## INDIAN JOE

BY ELLEN L. JAKEMAN

The strange energy that prompted Latter-day Saints to leave home and native lands, cross the untracked plains to form a new empire in the West, drove them to extend in every direction.

Groups built towns, school houses, churches—and filled them; fenced the landscape and farmed it, as communities. In two's and three's they built grist-mills, saw mills, and took up ranches and individual farms.

Spread out! Spread out! "Give us room that we may dwell," lurked in every movement; and all was onward with a rush.

Sometimes they sensed the mighty structure for which they were laying the foundation, but for the most part they were diverted and engrossed by the joys, sorrows and labors of the day in which they lived, "even as you and I."

The flood-tide of that living stream of energy carried the pioneers beyond the barriers of safety, and often of succor. The Indians, always abused, robbed and sometimes murdered by those who came before, looked upon all white men as enemies, and grew resentful of their swift appropriation of trees for their saws, and streams of water and deer pastures for their farms. It is not to be wondered at, nor held against them, that there were some tragedies enacted on our frontiers in early days.

Robert Stewart found a letter in his mail box one evening that had been there at least two days, the contents of which disturbed him very much.

His mail box was a wooden starch box skilfully affixed to a stump; and long before free rural delivery had been established he and the obliging mail carrier enroute on horse back to the next town, had arranged between them for Mr. Stewart's mail to be placed in this box at the extreme western end of the farm, near the highway.

The letter told him that his wife, who was ill and in town to see a doctor, was worse, and would he come at once?

Blaming himself severely for not visiting the box oftener, Mr. Stewart hurried to the house, tossed the letter to his sixteen-year-old daughter and called his son who was some two years younger to help him, making all possible speed in getting ready to drive the eight miles to town.

"Dare you two youngsters stay alone?" their father asked, with a little wrinkle of anxiety for them, adding itself to the worry and self-reproach he felt on his wife's account.

"We certainly dare!" said John. "I can take care of the stock

as well as you can, and sister, too, if she's afraid, but I don't think she is."

"Of course, I'm not afraid! There is nothing to be afraid of. When the stock is properly shut up nothing can get at them, and we will lock and bar the doors, and what could harm us?"

"Well, several things *could*, so I want you to do just as I tell you, and listen carefully. John, you feed and water the stock for night as soon as I am gone, so as to get it done well before dark. Shut all the animals up in their proper pens tonight, and as the horses will be gone, you'd better put the Jersey bull up in the stable. Remember the steel trap set outside the stable wall, and don't get into it yourself. Mary, you'd better do the milking, and see that plenty of water is in the house, and all the cut wood, so there will be nothing to open the door for, when it is once shut and barred, 'till tomorrow morning," said Mr. Stewart, while making his preparations almost on the run.

"Now, I want to tell both of you: *don't open the door at night for anyone unless it is a stock man that you know.* Should any stranger ask for shelter, which is not at all likely, send him to the cellar that we lived in the first year we were here; he will be fairly comfortable. Now don't forget anything, and if all is well I will be back with mother by noon tomorrow and have dinner with you," and with a hurried glance drove off. A hundred yards away he stopped and bade the children call the dog back and tie him up till the horses were out of sight, for he wanted to follow them and the beloved master, of course.

"Shut him up in the house with you," was the father's parting injunction, and he was gone.

There was a queer, lonely feeling as soon as father and the team disappeared over the rim of the valley, but neither Mary nor John would have owned to such a feeling. They went briskly to work to get the evening chores done, and were soon snugly shut into the house with window shutters hooked and doors locked and barred.

Mary prepared rather an extra supper, and they enjoyed the thrill of being alone and looking out for themselves. Mary planned what she would cook for dinner next day, hoping mother would be home with them to help eat it. They were very much awake, so John got out a book they were reading together, and by the light of a "fat" pine-fire and a tallow dip he read aloud, while Mary made nimble fingers fly, knitting socks, for which she herself had spun the yarn.

It was late Autumn and there had been a very heavy fall of snow in the upper mountain ranges, comparatively little in the lower foot hills, and only a skiff during the past week at the ranch; but night came early and the nights were crisp and cold.

About nine o'clock, in the midst of a particularly thrilling passage

in the book, they heard the even beat of a horse's hoofs, and both tensed to listen.

"Indian pony," whispered John, "no shoes."

The dog, Bruno, who had been sleeping quietly, rose silently with neck hair bristling and came over and stood expectantly by the door.

Indian depredations were considered a thing of the past, and yet the two children thrilled with something like fear as they heard the hoof beats slow up, and then cease. For five of the longest minutes they had ever known there was silence; then a rain of heavy blows fell with startling clatter on the door.

The dog barked furiously, but the young folks said never a word, just clung to each other's hands and stared into each other's faces.

Then a voice, unmistakably Indian, but speaking English, said: "Open door. Me hungry. Want to warm by fire," and turning the knob, the Indian tried by lunging against the door to force it open. But lock, hinges and bars held, and would hold for a much greater assault than that.

Mary had somehow recovered herself by this time, and spoke as calmly as she could: "No; we can't open the door for you, but you will find something you can eat in the cellar out there, and there is a small stove, you can build a fire and sleep down there."

The Indian laughed. That classified him as raised by white people, for the Indian grunts, rather than laughs when pleased.

"I see your old man go town. You pretty quick better open door, or I shoot you!"

Mary grabbed her brother and they flattened themselves against a wall out of range of the door just as a bullet, aimed where he heard the voice denying him, came through the upper panel and buried itself in the adobe wall opposite.

Knowing that Indians usually carried muzzle loading guns, and feeling that it was time he asserted himself, John dashed to the deer horns over the fire place and got his father's gun, and balancing it across a chair, sent a bullet through the door himself. Mary had dragged to shelter the unwilling Bruno, who was barking savagely and though border-bred they listened aghast to the profanity the shot from the house elicited from the surprised Indian.

"Pretty quick, I kill you for that," and they heard his taking his spite and easing his temper on his horse vigorously, and as the noise receded from the house the children hoped with almost breathless intensity that he was going.

But no! He was only leading his horse out of range of another bullet which the besieged children might decide to let fly.

Indians raised by white people were generally spoken of as "tame" Indians. But if they reverted to the wild again were more to be



dreaded than the most ferocious of all Indians. Of necessity they learned much it was not well for an enemy to know.

"We need not be too much afraid of him," whispered John, who was helping Mary keep the dog against the wall, "he is alone."

But Mary was unconvinced. "If it's that Smith Indian—Joe, he's bad. You know father said he shot all the Smith pigs and cows full of arrows and took the family's horses when he decided to go back to his own people, and the Smiths had always been very good to him. If it's he, he will stop at nothing. There! He's coming back again!"

The Indian now flattened himself against the wall by the door, and with the butt of his whip, beat a tattoo on the panels for half an hour. Getting no reply, he said: "I goin' get brush. Burn house. Then kill an' scalp," and he laughed in gloating anticipation. He certainly was enjoying himself scaring two white children, and was perfectly capable of carrying out his threat.

There is something in the thought of death by fire to appall the strongest heart. The children were dumb with horror. They heard him cross the yard, go out at the gate, and then,—all was silent.

All the cut wood had been brought into the house, and only a few heavy logs that would require sawing remained of the home supply, so the Indian, the children knew, would have to go some little distance for material to carry out his threat.

The dog seemed to sense a new trouble, for he barked and snarled and begged to be let out.

At this juncture they heard the fine, imported Jersey bull, which their father was so proud of, snorting and bellowing, and thrashing around like mad.

"Oh, Mary!" John exclaimed in consternation. "I forgot to shut Jersey in the stable as father told me, and that devil is killing him. What *will* father think of me?" and John sank to the floor, in abject misery.

"I guess father won't say much about the bull, if he finds us two alive," Mary whispered back, as another roar of battle came from the stockade, followed by sundry sounds that proclaimed that the Jersey was defending himself vigorously from some enemy.

"That isn't the Indian," said John wisely. "Any Indian, and more especially one raised by the whites, would know better than to get into a pen with a Jersey bull," and they were puzzled.

For some minutes the battle raged; then, save for an occasional deep-toned, menacing roar from the bull, quiet was restored to the stock yards and animal enclosures; for, of course, all the farm animals had added their special vocal outcry to the din of battle.

While the children listened with strained nerves for the Indian to return with his fuel, they heard a stealthy step. At first they thought it was Mr. Indian sneaking up to surprise them, but a few

moments made it plain that the steps were on the roof! What new danger menaced them they could not conjecture, for at that moment the Indian returned and threw an arm load of combustible material noisily down in the yard, swearing vilely.

"You open door now, or me burn?" he inquired, but neither Mary nor John answered him.

"He must have other Indians with him," whispered Mary to her brother, who was holding the dog and leaning a listening ear toward the footsteps on the roof.

"No," said John, whispering. "The Indian don't even know it's there. Look at Bruno, and listen to him. He didn't talk the same language to the Indian when he wanted to go out and fight him. This is the way he talks when there are wolves about. He don't bark, just growls and shows his teeth."

"But wolves would not be on top of the house!"

"No," said John, still whispering, "but I think whatever was fighting the Jersey is now on the roof. Father set a steel trap for some animal that had been prowling 'round the place and left its tracks in the light fall of snow that came last week, and I remember he said it had been on top of the shed, and it could easily get from there into the stockade. From the way Jersey is still muttering to himself and challenging the whole world to mortal combat, I guess the thing was pretty glad to get out alive, whatever it was."

The Indian really did not want to burn the house, he wanted to rob it; so, just for luck, and to prolong the torture of the children he intended to kill, he fired another shot through the door. Of course, he did not hit anybody, as the children had not moved from safety against the wall. While their tormentor was in leisurely fashion ramming home a wad, preparatory to loading his gun, something happened.

A scratching on the roof, a soft, firm impact, and a blood-curdling screech from the Indian, and then pandemonium broke loose. Everything in the yard that was movable seemed to be performing a satanic dance. Empty buckets, tin milk-pans, boxes, a churn and the faggots which the Indian had brought to burn the house, all joined in a wild melee; and through it all were the unmistakable sounds of human agony and animal ferocity.

The startled children, too weak to stand, slipped to the floor and sat with their backs against the wall, John's face buried in his sister's lap; and the dog, tearing himself loose from the limp hands that sought to restrain him, simply went mad with savage excitement and desire to join the fight.

It was only a few minutes till quiet gradually settled down again save for a few feeble whines.

This fight had started the voices of the animals again, but that also quieted down after a bit, and the young ranchers, still not daring

to move from the wall, allowed themselves the luxury of breathing freely again, and to speculate in whispers as to what had probably happened. The dog reluctantly gave up his demands to be let out, and lay with his nose pointed toward the door, keenly alert.

"I think something has happened to that Indian," whispered Mary.

"I do hope so," her brother replied, "and oh, Mary! don't ever tell anyone that I hid my face in your lap when the worst of the fight was going on, will you?"

"Shucks!" said Mary, "that's nothing. I'm lots the older, and, anyhow, I know you are lots the braver if it came to a real fight for us right here in the house!" And, soothed and assured, John walked deliberately over to the fireplace, past the dangerous door and put another log of wood on the fire.

The scream of a horse in mortal agony and crazed with fear rent the stillness of the night! John hopped to the protection of the wall instinctively, and Mary, with all her border training, could not suppress a shuddering cry of fright, and the wrenching sobs that followed it.

Now it was John's turn to be comforter. He took his sister in his arms and said: "There, there, Mary; that was only a horse. The Indian's horse I think. Something has killed it. I don't blame you for crying after all we've been through tonight, and it is a heart-breaking sound; especially to those who love horses as we do. Don't cry. I think something has happened to Mr. Indian and his horse, too. We must look out that it don't get us or the dog, or father and mother when they come. Brace up now! I feel that the worst is over."

Silence once more settled down through a moonless night, saved from utter darkness by the brilliancy of the stars. With wooden shutters closely drawn and hooked over the windows and the doors closed, only a faint glimmer of the star-light came in through the high and narrow transoms. The brother and sister conversed in whispers, ears strained for a renewal of the night's dire happenings. Suddenly John rose to his feet and said: "I hear another horse coming!"

"But father will not come on horseback!"

"It's only eleven o'clock, not near time for father to start for home, and besides, the horse is coming from the other way!"

Both listened intently for some minutes when John remarked: "Whoever is coming, is coming slow, and the horse is shod."

The latter fact gave the frightened children some small room for hope. At a respectful distance, which was border etiquette, the horse stopped and a voice, unmistakably American, hailed the house.

"Hallo, house! Hallo, Mr. Stewart!"

John climbed on a table and answered through the transom.

"Who are you and what do you want?" John asked, trying to make his quavering young voice sound bold and grown up.

Is that you, John? I am Tracy. I guess you remember me? I have been at your house before. Where is your father?"

"Oh, Mr. Tracy, he's gone to town, and sister and I are here alone, and we are so glad you have come! Don't go to the front door, there is something fearful out there, we don't know what, and at the barn, too. Lead your horse into the summer kitchen, and I will get him some oats."

"All right, John," said Tracy, dismounting and approaching cautiously, his pistol in his hand, prepared for eventualities. But the horse was led into the shelter, and the outside door fastened again without incident.

Mary replenished the fire, and left to John the honor of telling Mr. Tracy of the evening's doings.

"Well, it seems that I would have been here just about in time to stop that Indian myself, if my horse had not gone lame," Mr. Tracy remarked. "But I think you've acted wisely so far. Now, it's my opinion that the fight in the yard was between the Indian and a mountain lion, and it's my duty to find out and to give what help I can if the fellow is still alive. Tracy began to undo the fastenings of the substantial door. "Go into the other room and shut yourselves in," he told the young folks, "for we don't know what horror or hazard might lie on the other side of the door, and I think you've had about enough excitement for one night."

Mary picked up the lighted lantern and did as directed; but John seized his gun and advanced resolutely to the side of their guest, his soul suddenly lifted above personal fear by the example of bravery and humanity so clearly set before him.

Tracy looked the boy over for a moment, then shook hands with him as with a friend and comrade. Stepping to the fireplace, he seized a blazing brand, and whirling it swiftly 'round his head to make the flames bite more fiercely into the wood, threw open the door and flung it into the yard, where it served as a search light and revealed the actors in the recent catastrophe.

An Indian and a mountain lion lay on the ground, the Indian almost on his face, his right hand grasping the sinew-wrapped hilt of a hunting knife, the broad blade of which was buried into the body of the lion. But that was not its only wound. The muscular body was red with crimson smears where the Indian had driven the keen blade in, again and again, in his desperate fight for life.

"Both dead," said John with regret, as Mr. Tracy turned the Indian over; his rigid features appeared the only part of his person that the lion had not marked with teeth and claws. His scanty clothing hung in shreds.

Experience in the army had taught Tracy how to detect a linger-



ing spark of life in the wounded. "The Indian is still alive, John," he replied. "Let's take him into the house and see what we can do for him."

"Right in here," said Mary, dragging an old-fashioned couch in front of the fire; for she had not been able to remain in the place of safety assigned her. "I'm so glad he's not dead. What can I do to help?"

"Roll bandages, if you know how, Miss Mary," answered Tracy, "and you'd better do it in the next room. And, John, you get me a pan of warm water, some salt and a large, clean, soft cloth. There is great danger of blood poisoning from the bites and scratches of wild animals and salt is a severe but very effectual antiseptic."

Tracy cut away the rags of clothing and burned them. The wounds were cleansed; stitches, by means of common sewing needle and white silk thread, were put in some of the lacerations, and bandages applied where they were required. He regained consciousness long before his impromptu doctors had finished their work, but he said nothing, uttered no groan or protest, only watched them with inscrutable eyes and impassive face.

Mary found an old shirt of her father's which Tracy slipped onto his patient, and when he had drunk a bowl of milk, John spread a quilt over him, and Tracy said: "Sleep, now, Joe," for he had recognized the Indian as a sullen, cunning brute who had given the white settlers a great deal of trouble.

Tracy persuaded the young folks to go to bed, while he kept watch over his patient in the double capacity of nurse and guard till morning. As he sat in front of the fire and watched the Indian sleep in spite of his wounds, he began to wonder about the other party to this fight in which Joe had almost paid the final debt. "Why had not the male lion come to the assistance of his mate when she was getting the worst of it?" he mused.

At the earliest peep of day, Tracy noiselessly unbarred the door, and, pistol in hand, stepped out into the crisp morning air. The dog went with him, and together they cautiously looked about. First, they visited the corral. The Jersey was battle-scarred with torn hide; but horns red with blood, showing that the honors had not all been on one side.

"So, old fellow, you had a fight, too, and won out?" said Tracy appreciatingly. Man and dog then passed around the corner of the barn. A dead horse lay on the ground, still saddled and bridled; and within a yard of his victim a strong steel trap held fast the fore paws of a male mountain lion. The creature still showed fight, but a pistol ball at close range ended his part in the night's tragedy.

"So you're the fellow who fought the Jersey," said Tracy, noting his huge frame, "and getting the worst of it, you proceeded to kill that poor old 'Injin' pony that was tied up, and got yourself into

a trap. Well, Joe was certainly out of luck last night," he continued to muse, "and if he really meant to do those children harm, his punishment was swift and severe. And, thinking on the infinite variety of events that are used in the working out of God's plans and providence, he returned to the house.

When the Stewarts returned they were surprised to find the best room in the house converted into a temporary hospital, and Mr. Stewart's affairs in charge of a trusted friend. Mr. Tracy recounted the happenings of the night of his arrival, and told them they had children of which to be proud. He accepted Mr. Stewart's thanks with calm indifference and went his way. The patient got well so fast that it was almost impossible to believe he had ever been so seriously wounded.

Humane and wise, Mr. Stewart decided to do what he could to finish the work Tracy had begun in winning the friendship of this Indian for the white settlers. The skins had been taken from the lions and tacked on the side of the granary to dry. Saddle and bridle were stripped from the dead horse, but the carcass was allowed to remain where the horse fell till Joe was able to see it for himself. When he looked at the dead horse, the trap, the Jersey, and the two lion hides, he needed no spoken word to complete the story.

When Indian Joe announced that he was going, Mr. Stewart conducted him to the corral, led out a strong, serviceable range pony, and proceeded to put the Indian's saddle and accouterments on the animal. Indian Joe stood by in silence. John brought the lion skins, and Mary handed him his hunting knife. Mr. Stewart held up the skin pierced with the knife thrusts, and said: "My red brother is a brave chief and shall not walk back to his people."

Joe seemed overcome with strong and unaccustomed emotions—such feelings as his education, and that of his ancestors for a thousand years had taught his heart to suppress, and his features to conceal, as weak and contemptible. He looked at Mr. Stewart and the two children, and then off across the bleak hills and mild, desolate canyons, where the remnant of his people dwelt. He stroked the glossy neck of the pony, gently took the lion hides from his host and tied them to his pack, accepted the tendered knife, and swung himself into his saddle—still without speaking.

Poor Indian Joe was fighting another battle between all there was in him and these newly planted feelings. "When a soul arms for battle, it goes out alone," as Owen Meredith so aptly puts it, and the group were silent and motionless, as Indian etiquette would demand, until Joe suddenly bent and swayed toward them, and with a gesture graceful and friendly, solemnly said: "Me came to do bad; me get good. Indian's blood soaked earth. but white chief, heap medicine man, saved life. Wounds full of white man's medicine; body packed with his grub, warmed with his clothes; me ride horse, his gift; me go

not weary and ashamed back to my own people. Me talk in their ears."

With an air of royal condescension that a prince might have envied, he offered his hand to Mr. Stewart, who shook it warmly. "Indian now friend of the whites," said Joe; then rode away as one who had exhausted both vocabulary and subject.

## Why We Forget

BY DON P. SKOUSEN

"We all forget what we do not use. What a blessing forgetfulness is! What would life be, if we could not forget anything?"

When I was a boy I learned several boyish recitations, but with the lapse of time I have forgotten these through non-use. I once knew several mathematical formulas by which I could solve certain intricate problems, but today I can't recall these formulas. The paths I followed when a boy are not as distinct as they were a few years ago. Why? Non-use or failure to retravel them in my memory has obliterated the ups and downs, the curves and corners, the gulleys and the bumps, so that today I remember only the places of beginning and ending.

Life is made up of a great many emotions, thoughts and acts each day, some of which are to be forgotten as well as remembered. The things, however, that we remember are the factors of *character*.

Why do most missionaries bare such a forceful, fervent, and inspiring testimony when they return home, then in a year or so some of them lose their zeal, their fervor is flat, and their once inspiration is melancholy? There is but one answer. The truths they learned are fresh in their memory; these truths had become a dynamic factor in their lives; in the diversion of their energies they have forgotten those truths. To remember any truth one must occasionally review the paths leading thereto, not passively but by effort and exercise.

A testimony is based on knowledge and when the facts which are crystalized into that knowledge are forgotten that testimony is bound to wane. What, then, must I do to retain and strengthen my testimony? There is but one answer. My testimony becomes stronger with exercise and expression, by consciously seeking more truths leading to that knowledge. The only way I can keep and build a stronger testimony of the gospel is periodically to review the truths which give life, inspiration, and aspiration to my thoughts and acts, thereby making this testimony a dynamic, vitalizing, life-giving force therein and keeping me attuned to the *radio of God*.

*Phoenix, Ariz.*

# THE LONG LOOK AHEAD

A SIGNIFICANT EPISODE IN EARLY UTAH HISTORY

BY IRA N. HAYWARD

"One of the things at which I marvel most is the seership, the long look ahead, of the makers of Utah." The speaker, Dr. E. C. Branson, Professor of Rural Economics at the University of North Carolina, was lecturing to his class at the U. A. C. National Summer school in 1923. He was discussing the foundations of a sound rural economic system, which, he said, depends primarily upon the character of the people; upon their possessing the basic cooperative virtues, chief of which is the quality of sagacity.

"I have just been reading Bancroft's account of the 'gold fever' days in the early history of your state," he continued, "and I stand amazed at the far-seeing vision that enabled Brigham Young to weather that crisis. It was a significant example of the basic quality of sagacity: sense—plus the long look ahead."

This statement calls to mind an incident that should be written on the heart of every school child in the state of Utah; an example of that quality of statesmanship which is compelling the admiration of impartial historians everywhere for the great pioneer leader of the 'Mormon' commonwealth. The Winter of 1848-9 was a veritable "starving time" for the little band of Saints. The previous Summer they had harvested barely half a crop of grain because of the ravages of the cricket plague. All through the winter the scanty store of flour was rationed to the people. Wild roots and herbs were drawn upon to supplement the scanty larder, and many a child, now grown to manhood or womanhood, recalls with pain the long weary months when no one really knew what it was to feel completely free from the pangs of hunger.

It was just at this crisis that word came of the fabulous El Dorado to the west. The "Argonauts of '49" were on the trek. All Summer long their great caravans came streaming into the valley, and in their eagerness to reach the "diggings," men offered their outfits to the Saints at fabulously low prices in exchange for lighter equipment that would impede them less in their rush.

Is it to be wondered at that in this situation some of the Saints, too, should have become afflicted with "gold fever?" Here were people from the richest part of the country, from far-away New England, and even from Europe, who had staked everything on the prospect of striking it rich over night on the gravel bars of California rivers. With no more equipment than a pick, a shovel, and a washing pan, they heard that men were washing out fortunes in a few weeks of labor. And all this wealth lay almost at their doors. Inured as they were to hardship, the journey to the gold-fields would have held few terrors for them.



Around them stretched the harsh forbidding hills of the "Great American Desert," sere and fallow from the withering drought of centuries. Even to wring a bare sustenance from them meant years of back-breaking toil. And just beyond the western hills was *gold*, the magic wand that would transform the future into a rosy dream! What wonder that many looked with longing upon such a venture?

But just at this moment of uncertainty came the voice of their leader, calling them back to the grim, hard path of duty; rebuking them for their disposition to look back, having once set hand to the plow.

Said President Young:

"I hope that the gold mines will be no nearer than eight hundred miles. \* \* \* There is more delusion, and the people are more perfectly crazy on this continent than ever before. \* \* \* I advise the corrupt, and all who want, to go to California, and not come back, for I will not fellowship them."

In a general epistle, dated October 12, 1849, the Quorum of Twelve counseled as follows:

"When the Saints shall have preached the gospel, raised grain and built up cities enough, the Lord will open a way for a supply of gold to the perfect satisfaction of his people. Until then, let them not be over-anxious, for the treasures of the earth are in the Lord's storehouse and he will open the doors thereof when and where he pleases."

It was a clarion call; unmistakably the voice of "one having authority." It left no room for doubt as to the earnestness of purpose that had dominated the hearts of the leaders when they set their faces westward after their exodus from Nauvoo. Moreover it served definite notice upon the faint-hearted that there was yet time for them to turn back if they felt themselves unequal to the tasks before them.

One wonders just what was the vision that passed before the eyes of the seer as he uttered the above words. Perhaps he saw the ghost cities that were to line the gulches of California a few years hence; perhaps he saw the sordid scramble in which hundreds lost their lives and thousands their souls, for a few handfuls of yellow metal; perhaps he saw how very few would gain hoped-for wealth and how very many would doom themselves to wander on to their deaths, following the lurid will o' wisp of sudden fortune into the gold fields of Idaho, Oregon and Nevada.

One thing, we may be sure, he saw with unmistakable clearness, and that was the fact that the noble superstructure of Zion could never be erected upon the shifting sands. It was indeed a "time to try men's souls," and Brigham Young saw that those who resisted the lure would be those to whom he could safely entrust a share in the great project which he foresaw as the building up of a mighty religious commonwealth.

For vindication of that judgment and of the superlative wisdom of the leaders who dared to take a fearless stand for sanity in a time of madness, one needs only to compare today the achievements of those who ignored the warning with the deathless glory of the monument to intelligent industry which those who heeded it have left behind them.

"We need intelligent discipleship quite as much as we need efficient leadership," says Branson, and the truth of his statement is borne out fully by this incident. Bancroft records that of the more than twenty-five thousand Saints who were in the Great Basin by 1852, probably not more than six hundred succumbed completely to the gold fever and left for California—a striking tribute to the regard in which the great majority held their standing in the Church and the judgment of their leaders.

It has often been remarked that there is little attraction for the romanticist in the career of the "shoemaker who sticks to his last." Hundreds of books and thousands of feet of film have been devoted to the glorification of the "Argonauts of '49," but it is only in retrospect that we see the heroic glamor of the band whom they left behind them in the drab wastes of the Great Basin.

In due time the Lord did "open the way for a supply of gold to the complete satisfaction of his people," but the greatest glory of all is to be seen in the civilization which they built up. Today, sociologists and economists everywhere are pointing to the "Mormon" communities as the best examples of how the rural problem may be solved. Typical of these is Dr. E. C. Branson, quoted above. Dr. Branson has gained nation-wide recognition for his work as a student of rural problems, both in America and abroad. In the Summer of 1923, he came to the U. A. C. National Summer school and conducted courses in rural sociology and economics, devoting all of his spare time to the study of rural community life in Cache Valley and the surrounding "Mormon" settlements.

What he saw filled him with unending delight, and his lectures were interspersed with numerous very earnest tributes to the wisdom that has made these achievements possible. So keen was his interest in Utah and her community life that he accepted a reappointment to the A. C. faculty for the fall quarter of 1925, in order to have an opportunity for further study at first hand.

Thus the world is again being forced to pay a tribute to the "way of life" set forth in the once-despised religion of the Latter-day Saints. Numerous biographers are paying their tribute to the "common sense" and "statesmanship" of Brigham Young. What these writers fail to see is the quality of seership by divine inspiration that transformed these characteristics into something never contemplated by the ordinary definitions of the terms. Truly may we say with him of old, "Where there is no vision, the people perish!"

*Logan, Utah.*

# M. I. A., WE HAIL THEE

RUTH MAY FOX.

W. O. ROBINSON.

1. M. I. A., we hail thee! Loud thy praise we sing, For thy lov - ing  
 2. Flower of the des-ert, Fragrant is thy bloom, Blest with God's own

guidance, We our homage bring; Found-ed by a proph-et  
 sunshine, Radiant as the noon; 'Neath thy heav'n wrought banner

On the rock of truth, May thy light and glo-ry Di - a - dem our youth.  
 March the brave and free, For thy righteous standards, Hail, all hail to thee!

## CHORUS.

Ev - - er, ev-er on - - ward, God..... shall light thy  
 On, on, ev-er on-ward, God  
 Onward, press on, on, on-ward, God light thy way,

way.....

way, light thy way, Glor - - - ious is thy prom - - -  
shall light thy way, yes, Glorious thy name, Glor - ious thy  
thy way, yes, Glorious thy name and  
ise, Be - lov - ed M. I. A., (M. I. A.)  
prom - ise,  
prom - ise,

### A Four-Minute Address\*

BY PRESIDENT EMERITUS GEORGE H. BRIMHALL, BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY

Why the "Mormon" Church? That's the question. *First:* From an intellectual point of view. I am now talking to those who are skeptical about God, but who believe in religion as a social institution, a system, man-made, a machine for making men happy. To such the "Mormon" Church is entitled to preference.

1. Because of the onward call of its theology.
2. Because of the superiority of its organization.
3. Because of the uplift of its activities.

*Second:* From a spiritual point of view. Those who believe in God believe that he has had a plan, believe that he has revealed that plan to men and made them prophets, made them men who could see history in advance. To that class this Church is entitled to choice consideration because,

1. It came into existence in fulfilment of divine promise.
2. It has fulfilled prophecy in its history.
3. It is now fulfilling prophecy.

*Third:* From an experience point of view, the point of view of thousands who have lived and died in the Church, and of thousands who are now living: the point of view of most of you and many, many others. My experience, the experience of multitudes gives answer to the question: Why the "Mormon" Church?

1. Because the wider the wanderings from the Church line of life the weaker I become.
2. The closer I cling to the Church the stronger I grow.
3. The harder I work in the Church the happier I am.

I turn this great theme, this vital problem over to your theological teachers who have been studying, teaching, and living to the end that you might have an intellectual conviction, a spiritual conversion, and a life-experience testimony as to why the "Mormon" Church is for you.

\*Delivered at College Hall, May 10, 1925.



# ORATORY, POESY AND PROPHECY

BY ORSON F. WHITNEY

## V

Poesy is another name for prophecy. Poetry of the highest order is essentially prophetic, infinitely suggestive, pointing to the future, and symbolizing things to come. Anything is poetic that stands for something greater than itself.

"Fair are the flowers and the children,  
But their subtle suggestion is fairer;  
Rare is the rose-burst of dawn,  
But the secret that clasps it is rarer.

"Great are the symbols of being,  
But that which is symbolized is greater;  
Vast the create and beheld,  
But vaster the inward creator."

Man is poetic, in that he symbolizes his Maker, the Being in whose image he was created. "What is man but a symbol of God," asks Carlyle, and is overwhelmingly answered by Joseph Smith, who affirms: "God himself is an Exalted Man." The same thought, in the poetic mind of Lorenzo Snow, Joseph Smith's disciple, gave birth to the sublime couplet:

As man now is, God once was;  
As God now is, man may be.

Carlyle tells us that the ancient word "Vates" meant both prophet and poet, and he maintains that they are fundamentally the same, "in this most important respect especially, that they have penetrated, both of them, into the sacred mystery of the universe;—what Goethe calls the open secret \* \* \* open to all, seen by almost none."

Poesy in the highest degree is the power to see into and interpret that "sacred mystery." God has built his world, or his systems of worlds, upon symbols, the lesser suggesting and leading up to the greater, pointing the mind from earth to heaven, from man to God, from time to eternity. The poetic faculty recognizes this symbolism. Poesy holds the key to its interpretation.

The greatest poet that has ever lived was not Shakespeare. It was Jesus Christ. Not because he wrote verses—for we have no record of his having written any; not because of his parables, so precious; nor his sermons and sayings, so wonderful, so unparalleled. But because he saw deepest into the mystery of life, into the divine symbolism of the universe—his own creation.

The greatest poem in existence is the Gospel of Christ. Adam's offering of the sacrificial lamb, in the similitude of the Lamb of God,

who was to take away the sins of the world; the Hebrew Passover, with its wealth of prophetic symbolism, also pointing to the Lamb of God, the Great Deliverer of whom Moses, meekest of men, was typical; the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, in which the broken bread and poured wine or water represent the body and blood of the world's Redeemer; the ordinance of baptism, instituted in the likeness of his burial and resurrection; all these are poems—poems in action and in form, parts of the great Gospel Poem, whose author is God, even the Son of God.

History scintillates with poetic symbolism. Abraham offering Isaac; Joseph's humiliation and elevation in Egypt; Moses delivering Israel;—it is not difficult to determine what these events signified, if one has the poetic instinct to guide him. The Father's gift of his Only Begotten Son, for the redemption of a fallen world; the Savior's descent below, that he might rise above all things; his deliverance of the human race from the bondage of sin and death; all are foreshadowed by those historical happenings.

How could history "repeat itself," but for this symbolism in human lives and events? Is it not because men symbolize men, that we say of one: He was the Caesar, Shakespeare, or Napoleon of his time. Is it not because men symbolize principles, that we say of another: His name is a synonym for this vice or that virtue? And is it not because events symbolize events, that we say of this or that disaster or exploit: "It was a Waterloo," or "A Roland for an Oliver?"

Men and women personify nations and peoples. Jacob is Israel; Esau, Edom; Japheth, the Gentiles. Columbia and Britannia—feminine myths—stand for the two foremost nations of modern times. Even the Church of Christ is symbolized by a woman. Nebuchadnezzar's vision of the great Image—a man with head of gold, breast and arms of silver, loins of brass, legs of iron, feet part of iron and part of clay—described the mightiest empires of history and foreshadowed their fate.

The destruction of Jerusalem by Titus, putting an end to the Hebrew commonwealth, typified the downfall of worldly wickedness—Babylon. The rebuilding of Jerusalem—an event yet future—and the restoration of Israel—now begun—symbolize the resurrection of the race, and the glory and exaltation of the earth and its righteous inhabitants. The neglect of poets and the persecution of prophets by their contemporaries, with their subsequent acceptance by posterity, find a wondrous and complete fulfilment in the deification of the once despised Nazarene.

It is this universal symbolism that makes poetry of history—history, which is also prophecy. The fate of men fortells the fate of nations; the destiny of empires foreshadows the destiny of worlds. All are governed by divine laws, and they grow, increase, decline and

fall, by obedience or disobedience to those laws. The knowledge of the lesser leads to the knowledge of the greater, and the key to the mysteries of time unlocks the door to the mysteries of Eternity.

It is written that the Lord God "revealeth his secret to his servants the prophets." Yes, and he reveals some things to his servants the poets and philosophers. What did he tell thee, Plato? "All things are in a scale, and begin where we will, ascend and ascend. All things are symbolical; and what we call results are beginnings." Was not the same truth given to Abraham?—"If two things exist, and there be one above the other, there shall be greater things above them." The God who said to Moses, "All things have their likeness, and are made to bear record of me," inspired Goethe to teach that things temporal are types of things spiritual.

The Universe, composed of things great and small, the smaller symbolizing the greater, is one vast poem. Filled with types and foreshadowings, the seen and heard bearing witness of the unseen and unheard, it is a mighty prophecy, ever fulfilling and awaiting further fulfilment. To read this poem, to interpret this prophecy, requires a poet of the highest order, and when we have a poet of the highest order, we have a Prophet of the Most High, one standing next to God, and best able, therefore, to comprehend him and make known his purposes.

The *Book of Life* is "a book with seven seals," and until he who "hath prevailed to open the book and to loose the seven seals thereof," rends the veil, all others "see in part." Seeing in part, what do we behold?

That there is an endless symbolism, all things visible, audible, or in any manner appreciable, typifying greater things, toward which, along the lines of eternal progress, all things are advancing.

That man is a symbol of God, as the child is a symbol of the parent, capable by growth and development, by the thorough education of his mental, physical, moral and spiritual powers, of becoming what he symbolizes, blossoming from the human into the divine.

That Earth symbolizes Heaven, though affording by its conditions a contrast to Heaven; through which contrast and its conditions man's spirit secures the education to which it aspires; whereupon the contrast disappears, and Earth, also educated, becomes Heaven.

That Time, with all its ages, is a chain, a climax, an ascending scale of dispensations, one merging into another and all into one, like rills and rivers mingling with the ocean.

That the past symbolized the present; was preparatory to and productive of the present; and that the present, also symbolical, sows the seed of and foreshadows the future.

That Time, with its centuries, is typical of Eternity with its aeons, those centuries being typified in turn by years, months, weeks, days and the more minute subdivisions of eternal duration.

That men and nations from the beginning have carved out the way for other men and nations; that human lives and human events, like sections of machinery turned by the enginery of Omnipotence, have fitted into and impelled each other, under the controlling, guiding master Mind and Hand that doeth all things well.

Through all these changes and vicissitudes, whether of Time or of Eternity, man's deathless intelligence passes, reaping where and what it hath sown, and advancing by experience from height to height of knowledge, power, glory and dominion.

This is "the open secret—open to all, seen by almost none."

No man in modern times, whether poet, philosopher or scientist, has dived so deeply into the mystery of life as did the Prophet Joseph Smith. He was not a Homer, nor a Shakespeare, nor a Milton. He did not build rhymes, make verses—though he might have done, had he cared to cultivate and acquire the art. But he possessed the deep poetic insight, the power to comprehend and interpret the vast mystical ground-work of creation and existence—a power inherent in prophecy and seership, those rare gifts with which he was so eminently endowed. This was what made him a poet. And no man or woman, not a poet in the same sense and to a greater or less degree, will ever be able to understand Joseph Smith or fully appreciate his sublime mission.

He was a prophet; consequently a poet; and would have been, had he never spoken or written a line of verse or prose. A gold mine is a gold mine, whether or not the precious ore has been brought to the surface. Mining does not create the metal. The inward truth is more than the outward expression. Conception is greater than birth.

Whatever may be said or thought by others, I re-affirm my positive conviction that the mind which could grasp such splendid and exalted principles as are set forth in the writings and sayings of Joseph Smith, and utter them in a manner so powerful, was the mind of a prophet-poet, than whom none mightier, save the very Son of God, ever struck the harp of divine truth and made it vibrant with the music of the spheres.

What poem did he produce? He produced the great poem mis-called "Mormonism," the mightiest epic, though unexpressed in verse, ever conceived and brought forth by the mind of man. Its other and truer title is the Everlasting Gospel, now in its latter-day restoration. Joseph Smith was not its author. He was only the amanuensis—as is every true poet—a revelator to men of what God reveals to him. Christ himself is the Author of this great Gospel Poem, which, sounded as a prophecy in pre-existent spheres, echoed and re-echoed down the ages by the sacred bards of Israel, finds its fullest human expression in the heaven-inspired song sung by the Prophet of the Last Dispensation.



# ROYAL VISITORS

(See Frontispiece)

BY J. M. SJODAHL

As is well known, the Swedish Crown Prince, Gustav Adolf, attended the unveiling of the John Ericsson monument in Washington, May 29, 1926, as the official representative of Sweden. John Ericsson, it need hardly be said here, was the famous engineer, a Swede by birth, who constructed the armored vessel, the *Monitor*, which on March 9, 1862, during the Civil War, put an end to the depredations of the Southern ironclad, the *Merrimac*, and who gave the world a new type of battleship, some features of which are still retained in modern navies.

Congress, in 1916, appropriated \$35,000 for the monument, and \$28,000 was contributed by the Swedish people, chiefly in the United States, through the efforts of a committee which had charge of the work.

According to the original plans, another function was held in



JOHN ERICSSON, FAMOUS ENGINEER AND INVENTOR

Philadelphia, in the early part of June, when the foundation was laid for a memorial building in honor of John Morton, another American of Swedish descent, whose name is indelibly engraved on one of the early pages of American history. This building is part of the Sesqui-centennial exhibition, but will be permanent.

Who was John Morton?

He was the grandson of Morten Mortenson, who, in 1654, came over from Gothenburg in the ship *Orn*. John Morton, the grandson, was born in 1725, in Chester county, Pa., in a house still standing. He held several positions of trust. He was, for instance, one of the delegates to the famous Stamp Act Congress in New York, in 1765. In 1776, when a Pennsylvania delegation was appointed to consider secession, Morton was elected chairman of that body, and while he was acting in this capacity his great opportunity came to serve the cause of liberty for all time to come. Six colonies had voted in favor of secession, and six against. Pennsylvania was divided. A majority of the Pennsylvania delegation, it seems, were against secession, but on the day when the vote was taken, two of these were absent, reducing the number of delegates to five. James Wilson and Benjamin Franklin were in favor of independence, but two others were against. John Morton, sick in bed, arose, against the advice of his physician, and journeyed on horseback to Philadelphia, and cast his vote with Wilson and Franklin. Thus Philadelphia was placed on record for secession, the deadlock was broken, and the colonies carried the proposition for independence with the majority of one vote, and that vote was Morton's. Hence the present effort to erect a memorial building in his honor, as part of the celebration of the 150th anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, celebrated this year.

The journey of the Crown Prince has local interest, because the distinguished traveler and his company will spend one day, July 9, in Salt Lake City, and two or three days in southern Utah among the scenic and pre-historic wonders of this part of the country. He is accompanied by the Crown Princess Louise, an English princess by birth. The royal entourage includes Miss Carolina Elizabeth Christina de Reutersvaerd, maid of honor to the Crown Princess; Oscar von Sydow, governor of Bohuslaen, and Count Marshal Rudebeck, master of the royal household.

Crown Prince Gustav Adolf is a gentleman of distinction, prominent among men, even if he were not of royal descent and the heir to a throne. He possesses that refinement, that character and that brilliant genius, which were universally admired in his grandfather, King Oscar II, and without which even a royal diadem, though radiant with costly gems, is but a worthless emblem.

The Crown Prince, whose full name and title is Oskar Fredrick Vilhelm Olaf Gustav Adolf, Duke of Skandia, was born Nov. 11, 1883. His education has been thorough in every respect, both in-

tellectual and moral. At the age of 19, he was ready to commence his university career, and from the beginning he became specially interested in the natural sciences. Botany was his favorite study. Geology attracted his interest even as a young boy, at an age when other boys rave about pirate exploits and detective yarns. Later, he became interested in history, civics, statistics, law, egyptology and archaeology. He has taken active interest in archaeological researches around Upsala and brought to light many valuable relics of the bronze age. He has also extended his research to other parts of Sweden, and in 1920, during his travels in Greece, he decided to organize a Swedish archaeological expedition to that country, and during 1922, he personally took part in the excavations at Asine, where valuable finds were made.

It is further due to the efforts of the Crown Prince that the Swedish archaeologist, Professor Gunnar Anderson, has been enabled to pursue his researches in China, and it is, no doubt, his interest in archaeology that prompts him to undertake his journey to the Far East at this time.

The Crown Princess, Lady Louise Mountbatten, is the daughter of Prince Louis of Battenberg, later the Marquis of Milfordhaven, who, at the outbreak of hostilities in 1914, was the admiral of the British fleet. She is a granddaughter of Princess Alice, a daughter of Queen Victoria. The wedding was held in London, Nov. 3, 1923.

The Crown Princess is greatly beloved by the Swedish people. She has studied the language, history and traditions of her new homeland and she has become very popular, owing to her fine, lovable character. King Oscar II said of the Crown Prince on one occasion, "He has a heart of gold," and that applies equally to the Crown Princess.

Princess Louise is the second wife of Prince Gustav Adolf. His first consort was the Princess Margaret of Connaught, daughter of Prince Arthur of Connaught and granddaughter of Queen Victoria. They were married at the Windsor Castle, June 15, 1905. It was a happy and harmonious union, broken by the death of the princess, May 1, 1920. Not only the relatives of the royal couple, but the entire Swedish nation mourned at the bier of the beloved Crown Princess. She left five children, the Princes Gustaf Adolf, Sivard, Bertil and Carl Johan, and the Princess Ingrid.

There is some prospect that Salt Lake City will have the honor of a visit by a brother of the Crown Prince, H. R. H. Prince Vilhelm, the second son of the Swedish King Gustav V, next year.

The *Era* joins the people in Utah of Swedish extraction in welcoming the Crown Prince and Crown Princess to this Mountain State in the great American Union, and in the sincere wish that their brief sojourn here may be one of pleasure and interest, and that the choicest blessings of him who is the Father of us all may follow them and remain with them and theirs continually.





*Photo by Frank Beckwith.*

Looking down the canyon from the trail on Lady Mountain. The Symphony of the canyon.

## MUMSIE

AND OTHER IMPRESSIONS RECEIVED IN ZION NATIONAL PARK

BY GRACE WHARTON MONTAIGNE

In my files I have the following letter from a superintendent of Zion National Park:

"I have thought that Zion was never intended for the restless multitude that tarries only long enough for a casual glance, and then whirls on to the next exhibit; but rather, that it is for the pilgrim who travels from afar to seek a shrine wherein to worship, compare his thoughts, get in tune with the Infinite, and rest.

"I can see him as a worshiper in a great cathedral. \* \* \* A distinguished congressman just recently told me that the impression made upon him, was that of reverence. And I believe it to be true generally.

"I have noted that you are one who appreciates. I am glad that you are one who can come and linger, and in that leisurely sojourn receive its impressions."

For three days was I to be left alone in the park that season, on one of the many trips we take there, while the men of the party were on a distant excursion up the West Mountain Trail, to view from the heights canyons not as yet even named, so few eyes have beheld them.

The afternoon I had spent in drifting leisurely about the canyon, stopping frequently that I might fully get its impressions—letting it slowly s-o-a-k into my being—alone—offering no impediment to the inflow—joy complete.

Late, as the shadows grew long and the mood grew pensive, pell-mell into the public camp burst a noisy party, all men, guffawing, bold, who hastily ripped packages open and cut the lids from tins to



bolt a meal, and then, with shades of evening settling, in the glare of a gasoline lamp they loudly played cards into the small hours of the morning, to the utter disgust and annoyance of all the other campers present.

The next morning, up betimes, they awoke all. Again the same haste, again the same hurry, again the same pressing need to use the remainder of a scant time.

Off they drove, cut-out wide open, their objective "The Narrows;" but, enroute, to view the Great White Throne, Cable Mountain, Weeping Rock, the Great Organ, and the Temple of Siniwava (I certainly hope they didn't profane that sacred spot)—their viewing of these many places to be, I suppose, in the same manner they had eaten their breakfast—gulping it.

Promptly at noon back they stormed; again the can opener; again the litter; then away they were off, having "thoroughly done Zion—seen it all—uhuh! Only got two weeks, yuh know. See yuh at th' Grand—some ditch they say!" and I meekly feared that in their haste of getting away they might possibly have overlooked something and we be inflicted with their presence again.

What was it the superintendent wrote me?

—Worship, compare, tune, reverence—and I fell back with much solace into the welcome solitude their absence gave us.

Again I spent another afternoon, alone, drifting, absorbing, receiving.

And again that evening, late, I sat with paper plate on knee, when two very much worn, road-battered cars came rattling in, each with a decided engine knock; and the children!—children just poured out of each car.

But I noted something about the more battered of the two cars which immediately engaged my attention.

Two sturdy, clean, open-faced boys, ages about eleven and thirteen respectively, waited until the outpouring of children had ceased, and then they both helped a large woman in the back seat to get down—one found her a cheap home-made crutch, and the other aided her toward the auto door; as she stepped down I noted that she had only one foot. The man rustled wood.

A discerning eye quickly caught the story—both he and she had married the second time; the boys, fine lads, were his; hers were the large group of romping children, making themselves known by noise and numbers; and, added to his and to hers was theirs, a child in arms. She was step-mother to the lads.

But this was a case different. Where in such cases one usually expects to find a jarring note of unwelcome to the new mother, here I saw a sight which warmed my heart—both boys were devotedly attached to her, and addressed her as "Mumsie."

They were poor folk, evidently quite humbly placed. For bed.

the family I was watching made down "a robin," and all found nest in it somehow—somewhere a nook received each. But, if they were poor in worldly possessions, they were certainly rich in having treasures beyond compare—two jewels of lads.

The boys took all the work off Mumsie's hands. As the father visited the wood pile and busied himself with that chore, the boys placed a seat cushion for Mumsie, laid a cheap, colored spread upon the ground, and then did I see a sight different! Each need of Mumsie was anticipated. The boys were her hands and feet; they followed setting the tin plates around by getting the bread, and that by slicing the ham; and followed, whatever was next in order, without even so much as a suggestion from Mumsie. What *they* couldn't do (what was purely woman's work) they placed handily for her, put at her very finger tips so to speak.

Every effort they could save her from doing they did.

Whenever either addressed the step-mother, with what rich fervor of devotion did the term of endearment, "Mumsie," ring from their lips! It brought admiration upwelling in the onlooker. It added a touch to Zion National Park I had least expected, and I thirsted for yet more.

As to her part, Mumsie deferred to the lads; was wrapped up in them; yet, with each act of thoughtfulness on their part, she looked full at the husband, as the author of those two, with eyes that saw in him what stirred the boys. She followed his every move; and at one specially marked thoughtfulness of the lads, when she let her eyes rest back again upon her husband, did she subconsciously do what betokened her inexpressible and suppressed sentiment—the babe in arms was unconsciously stroked, as if to invest in its tiny form the qualities of the boys whose father she had married.

And I thought I had known Zion National Park!

\* \* \* \* \*

The next day as I was motoring back toward camp, I saw two cars parked near the sign which read "Weeping Rock." In one of the cars, with one lad beside her, I saw Mumsie. The other lad was with the long string of adults and children filing along the narrow pathway that leads to that miniature Niagara, where the rocks drip, lamenting a secret sorrow, known only to the canyon itself

It was there that I came to realize the extent of devotion of those lads; both would not desert Mumsie at the same time, to leave her thus alone; but each lad would take a hasty inspection of the point of interest, no matter how savory, and quickly return to spell the other off, the combined time of both thus used just coinciding with the more leisurely interval consumed by the adult party.

A lad was just scurrying back as I stopped alongside, and he said: "Bobbie, I'll stay now while you take your turn. Can you see pretty

well with the glasses from where you are, Mumsie?" asked the lad of her who was sitting in the car, his interest shifting, from telling Bobbie to go, to this mother of his.

Now Bobbie, even though the younger lad, didn't bolt off like a shot when relieved from duty. Not he. Instead, he didn't budge off that seat until he had said to his brother, "Did you see all you wanted to?"

I was learning fast.

"Yes, Bobbie, now you hurry along."

"Well then, you ask the lady," meaning me, "what we can show to Mumsie," for he knew that I knew.

That was the finest thing I have ever seen in Zion—the self-abnegation of those two lads, their sacrifice in devotion!

\* \* \* \* \*

When Bobbie left, I listened while the other lad, who was a good observer, let Mumsie see through his eyes what to her own was denied; he had a born skill of narration, and told a vivid tale. Then I told the two in the car how two Summers before I had seen the owner of the endless cable which comes down off "Cable Mountain" lower from the upland there about five loads of lumber in one afternoon; how that the heavier load coming down had drawn up from below the lighter load of washing machine, needed by the toilers there; how I had in turn been told that one day a dog was put into the little car, but the awful gulf below turned the dog mad, and they had to shoot it—a raving demented thing, bereft of reason. How that years ago a girl was standing up there on top between two men, during a violent thunderstorm; a bolt of lightning instantly killed both men, stunned the girl into unconsciousness lasting three hours, but that she survived and reared a family. I pointed out the twisting path which men and animals took to mount the mesa's top of Kolob Plateau—a toilsome journey of nine miles to mount but 2,750 feet!

"What did the lady tell you we could show to Mumsie?"

And then I told them of Observation Curve, where, seated in the auto, she could view the Great White Throne "over the saddle"; listening in her mind to the symphony of nature's harmony from the Great Organ, peal after peal of God's goodness; how from that curve one with lusty lungs could be heard by another on the very top of Angel's Landing (all the while avoiding mention of Observation Point or of the path leading to the summit of Angel's landing, as being a taboo subject under the misfortune to Mumsie); and by way of climax, I expanded on the beauties of the Temple of Siniwava, where all could be in its sacred confines, children and adults and she, closing by saying that I was going beyond, but would pilot them that far.

I thought of the message I had received there from the "Woman on the Rock," as I left this chattering double party, children playing on

the shrubbery or casting stones toward the crags, all reveling in an outing which none enjoy so thoroughly as do the poor, so close are they ever to nature, nor hedged in by restraint, never conscious of a wrong committed should they give themselves to the wild abandon of full enjoyment.

The rich place a carpet between themselves and Mother Earth and then deny the very inflow they have shut out.

I went away afoot, filled with enthusiasm—for had I not seen sacrifices, self-abnegation, devotion, adding another phase to the beauty of Zion National Park?

\* \* \* \* \*

There was one other impression to be given me by this spot which should befall in the next hour, how far at variance with the trend of thought set into action by what had passed those two days my readers must judge.

### THE HOT DOG KING

I went up to "The Narrows," waded the stream, and from a convenient spot set up my camera for a view of the Mountain of Mystery.

In due time I was again approaching the Temple of Siniwava, when I noticed an auto by the side of the road, and in it a man whom I remembered as having seen the evening before at the public drinking fountain. I had observed yester-evening that he had had considerable difficulty in approaching the hydrant at the drinking fountain, because of a bad attack of *locomotor ataxia*, and that the cobble stones piled there to keep the place dry were an almost insurmountable task to him. But he would not give the struggle up; by sheer strength of will he forced those recalcitrant members to do his bidding, with many failings and fallings,—but I observed that he made his point—a command must be carried out. So I expected a strong-willed man, whose conversation, if it were in keeping with my reading of him, I wanted. To my entry with a commonplace, his reply was so instant I knew he hungered for talk from a stranger, even though a woman.

From his volubility I soon learned that he remained in the car while his party went up farther afoot, he being unable to negotiate it. "Long hours and hard work had put him on the hummer," as he expressed it.

I was soon apprised that he ran a down-town restaurant in Colorado Springs during the Winter months, and a hot dog stand at Manitou when the tourist season was on. Sightseers in Colorado ate! Ate so heartily he had done well, and in proof his broad gesture embraced his Buick car rather boastfully (Lizzie was contentedly nibbling the grass where I had tethered her); for, as he naively put it, "They eat one goin' up, and nothing touches th' spot better'n a hot dog when they come back"—referring to the trip up the cog railroad.

But, added the man of practicality: "Here in Zion there aint nuthin' to make a man hungry—why a feller needn't budge from th' car to see th' whole show! Aint seen a single soul eatin' a bought lunch. Fact is, lady, thought maybe this'd be a likely place for a concession—but I can't see no money here at all. Why at Manitou I'd a cleaned up \$18 by this time o' day! A feller here would starve to death behind his own counter—me for outta here as quick as I kin git!"



And I thought of Mumsie! And the "Woman on the Rock!"  
And the Symphony of the Great Organ!

How out of harmony was this man to the spirit of the canyon!

\* \* \* \* \*

Before we reluctantly withdraw from this temple, let us once more walk about it, noting each spot well, ourselves free to receive its impression; let us stand in the vast nave and study those carvings chiseled on the cross which lead men's thoughts heavenward; let us pause a moment before each niche in which beauty is enshrined and bend the pious knee of devotee in homage; in the shadow of the altar let us open the soul to the impouring of the canyon; and then, having caught the spirit of the place—

Which thought, think you, leaves the more savory impression:  
A hot dog from the very altar of the temple?

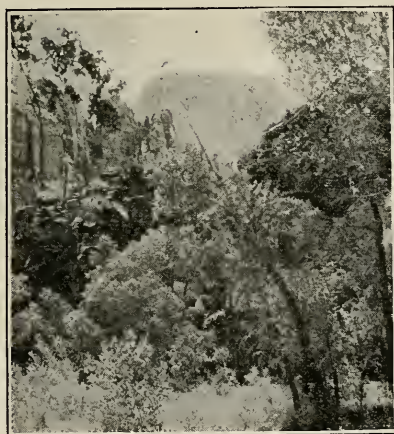
Or, that you and I, in humble reverence, had repaired to that sacred fane

"As pilgrims from afar,

seeking a shrine wherein to worship,

compare our thoughts,

and get in Tune?"



*Photo by Frank Beckwith.*

The Sacred Altar of the Temple of Siniwava, Zion National Park. Where the "Hot Dog King" would wish his quick lunch counter set.



Top: "Tarzan" makes a unique steed. Center: A trio of young lions born in captivity. Below: "Numa," the pet lion of the movies, who has made \$40,000 for his owners in the past four and one-half years. A high priced "star." This lion has an intelligent face.

# LION FARMING

BY ELIZABETH CANNON PORTER

"I want to raise two hundred lions a year," declared Charles Gay, lion farmer, "for the demand always exceeds the supply." (That sounds good to farmers.)

"Where do we sell them? Why to circuses and zoos. There is always a good market for lions."

At that it might be cheaper—and easier—to purchase lions from a "farm" than to catch them in the African jungle.

How much do they bring? Roughly speaking, judging by the valuation put upon his young stock by M. Gay, they are worth about \$1,000 apiece. Older ones average about \$3000—the price of a thoroughbred horse from Belgium. Individual specimens may run into a fortune. The owner would not put a price upon a nine-month-old lion that will make companions of birds, rabbits and children. It has never harmed anything, so would have great show value. Numa, an intelligent Abyssinian lion, has earned \$40,000 for his owner by acting in moving pictures for the past four and a half years. A lioness has earned an equal amount in six years by giving birth to thirty-nine cubs during that time. She had two litters a year, numbering three and four infants apiece. She is fourteen years old. A lioness may have only one or two cubs, and, if she be young, may not raise them.

The "farm" at the present boasts 74 head. It was started with a six-year-old lion and two slightly older lionesses, six years ago. The father is still a fierce and unmanageable brute, and is left pretty much alone. As the proprietor says: "There are trained lions, but never tame ones."

So far there has been no competition, this being the only lion farm in the world. Nor do neighbors show a disposition to "crowd" it. A visitor would not care to stay overnight in the place, despite stout wire enclosures. The roaring alone would shatter his nerves. Whatever their uses, one would not care to have a lion for a bedfellow.

M. Gay is a Frenchman, lean, and long of limb. He has a swarthy complexion, gleaming teeth, and an arresting eye. Evidently he is not afraid of lions. Kipling, in his *Jungle Book* tells us that all wild animals fear the human eye. The intelligence back of it cows them. The one exception is the man-eating tiger. Occasionally he can look a man in the eye, and on that day he makes his kill. But the other animals do not like it when the tiger is man-hungry, for after a death come other men beating the brush and bringing the "red flower" (fire), of which all of the jungle folk are afraid.

An African lion attacks from the front, usually tearing at a man's chest. We saw a trainer put half a dozen lions through their paces

at one of the parks. He carried his arm in a sling. Six weeks before a sulky brute had leaped at him. With the lion's paws crushing his ribs, he had forced his fist down the beast's throat, while the lion's teeth closed on his forearm.

One suspects that Charles Gay has seen Algeria, if not the African Congo. He was doubtless a wild animal trainer before he took up the more peaceful occupation of raising lions. He is assisted by his English wife.

M. Gay wears stiff leather leggings and armlets while putting the beasts through their paces, for he says, "The more they like you, the more they bite you." Rather a peculiar way of showing affection!

"Gay's Lion Farm," located at El Monte, fifteen miles northeast of Los Angeles, reminds one of the South African veldt. It is surrounded by a rough-hewn picket fence surmounted by sharpened orange-colored staves. The low-lying house of African architecture is embedded in strange, exotic-looking tropical foliage. Doors are of heavy oak planks bound together with gleaming copper bands. Spacious interiors disclose capacious fireplaces and queerly designed rugs; one sinks into deep-cushioned seats. All is lighted with Oriental floor lamps of dull gold.

The walls are adorned with trophies of the chase, heads of antelope, zebra, and panther, interspersed with the crude war implements of the cannibalistic tribes of the dark continent. Across the long center table sprawls an immense lion skin with ferocious-looking head. Even the dead animals are worth something, for a well-dressed pelt brings about \$400. Even we whites like to prove the prowess of our hunters by hanging lion skins on our library walls, or stumble over fierce looking heads, with jaws agape, on our floors.

The present lion farm was first opened to the public last July. A year ago its few acres were nothing but a plowed field. Even in so short a time the jungle has closed in on it—pepper trees and cocoanut, rubber and date palms, perfume-exuding magnolia and yellow Scotch broom, butterfly bush and cacti. A strutting purple peacock lends an exotic note of color.

On entering the stockade the first lion that greets the visitor is little "Mary Christmas" in an elevated cage. She was born last Christmas day. She was not named "Santa Claus" because "she was not that kind of a lion," so the keeper says. She resembles a mangy dog and looks quite old in the face. The other two cubs of the triplets were killed by the mother when they were born. Mary was taken away from her, and, like the waif in *Great Expectations*, has been raised "by hand." She dutifully imbibes goat's milk and lime water, warmed, out of a bowl every few hours.

The lions at the farm eat a horse a day. This is another use for the fast disappearing equine of the southwest, for the horse promises



to vanish a second time from the North American continent. Variety in diet is furnished with a mule or a goat. Lions are distinctly carnivorous, but those born and raised in captivity, on a milk diet, amidst the society of man, are more docile than the imported variety.



Left: The original of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer trademark. A black-maned Nubian lion from the north of Africa.

Right: Lion "kittens," playful and milk-fed. "Nelly," "Kelly" and "Mary Christmas."

Leaving Mary, who can be fondled like a kitten, we pass to the enclosure housing the few-months-old youngsters. These look and act like clumsy St. Bernard dogs. They sharpen their teeth on tree trunks, gambol and play like destructive puppies. When they pinch M. Gay he lifts them by their tails, and sends them sprawling in another direction. A runt, mis-named "Hercules," was stepped on by his mother and had to have a slit sewed up in his side. "He is not quite recovered but entirely spoiled," says his keeper.

The two show lions that have taken part in most of the animal pictures are housed together. There is the black-maned Nubian lion that furnished the trade mark for the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer productions. With him is Numa, high priced movie star. These two lions probably furnished the holocaust back-stage in the production of *He Who Gets Slapped*. Whenever they are "on location," their trainer accompanies them. Though visibly annoyed by an aeroplane

doing stunts overhead, he put them through their paces. Mrs. Gay lay on the ground while Numa twice walked over her prostrate form. Her husband wielded a whip while he held a three-pronged javelin in the other hand "for emergencies."

None of the shivering tourists availed himself of the trainer's invitation to "come in and let the lion walk over *you*." The Mayer lion mounted a stump and extended his paws, right and left, as per request, enforced by the whip.

In an adjacent field, with a high wire fence extending inwardly, so the agile brutes cannot leap over it, are the young stock which have been raised in captivity—magnificent specimens these. A lion reaches maturity at about five years, but does not attain his full growth until about eight years of age. They gain in weight at the rate of about a hundred pounds a year, though the most growth seems to come during the second year. A four-year-old lion will weigh about 400 pounds, a five-year lion about 500 pounds, a six-year-old lion 600 pounds—and still have two years to grow.

These lions eat out of Mr. Gay's hand, will lick his hair, giving it a rough shampoo (if given the opportunity) and will let him ride on their backs. Agra measured nine feet when he stood on his hind legs by the side of his trainer. Tarzan, one of this group, was so named because he was born while they were working with the picture, "Tarzan of the Apes." Among these was the five-year-old mother of "Mary Christmas." It is from this enclosure that the great bellowing comes.

Nearby is a pair of surly and uncertain temper. A railing is built around their domicile so the visitor will not come too close.

In the outbuildings are iron cages where the lions, for various reasons, are put into solitary confinement, like bad prisoners. Occupying the first three cages is Ulysses, a famous and handsome movie actor, the father of much of the young stock. He it was whom Mabel Normand led around on a string, thinking it was a dog, in one of her comedies.

In the next cage was a lioness with her three five-day-old cubs the size of rabbits. She viewed the overseer with smoldering, malevolent eyes, perhaps thinking he had come for her young. The baby lions are usually taken away from the mother at from six to eight weeks. They get the mother into another cage and let down the hatch, before they dare remove them.

In another building droops somnolent "Twilight," the ancestor of most of the lions on the place. She is "sweet sixteen," albeit a great-grandmother. Lions are considered old at 25 years, although some attain a ripe 35.

Lions inclined to be quarrelsome are shut up. These cages connect with the different enclosures by means of runways, and they

can be let out by the opening of trap doors, without the attendant going among them. Nine of these lions in a group represented an investment of \$30,000.

In a spacious garden are the yearlings, like Newfoundland dogs, but more agile. When a year old, the trained lion tender begins to know the temper of his charges, their special characteristics.

"No two lions are alike," he will tell you.

We pass a sylvan summer house with inviting seats of hewn logs, a la Krugerland, and come upon the smaller stockade of the two-year-olds. Its verdure is encased in wire netting against their claws. They are as large as calves, and much solidier. They look ferocious enough. The keeper pats the straggly mane of one of them and informs us proudly that "He has six years yet to grow."

It begins to rain and we are disappointed that we cannot have our pictures taken "with the lions." It is also five o'clock and the animals' dinner time. As we have conceived quite a good opinion of lions, it is just as well that we do not stop and see them eat.

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## Honesty

Humans in general are honest—fundamentally honest—especially when given a fair chance and placed on their honor.

True, there are rascals in business, in clubs, even in churches, but such persons are in the minority.

In some cities newspapers are distributed daily in open receptacles on corners where the traffic is the heaviest, the publishers depending on customers to help themselves and to leave the proper amount of money in exchange. Rarely is this confidence violated.

At Pacific Beach in Southern California, close to the paved highway, is an open front building. On a counter extending the full length of the room, every day in the year, are bouquets and baskets of everlasting flowers. Each bouquet and basket is plainly marked with a price tag. A large printed sign instructs the customers to take what they want and leave the money in a sealed jar provided for the purpose. This wayside "Flowerateria" has done a thriving business for more than two years. The owners say that the traveling public pay conscientiously for what they take and the money is deposited as effectively as if they remained in person to look after the sales which on some holidays have amounted to as much as fifty dollars.

By this is proved that dishonesty is not nearly so prevalent as the pessimist would have us believe.

*San Diego, Calif.*

D. C. RETSLOFF.

## A RIVER OF RED-HOT ROCK\*

BY LEE N. TAYLOR

I have just returned from one of the most awe-inspiring sights I have ever seen—a river of red-hot rock.

There were twelve of us in the party, all missionaries. We all went steerage. A steerage fare entitles one to standing room on the deck, and a bed upon the deck, without under supports or covers. It was rather a hard night for some of the seasick boys, but we all survived. We landed at Napoopoo, Hawaii, my old stamping grounds, after thirty-six hours aboard boat, and spent another hard night trying to find a place where the boards were softer.

The morning after our stay at Napoopoo we were up before our alarm clock brayed (Kona nightingales here; back home known as mountain canaries), and off to see the flow. We had previously hired one car, and it with the Kona mission Ford furnished means of transportation. After some thirty miles of travel we arrived at the scene of action. The flow had crossed the road two days before our arrival, cutting a huge swath through the heavy growth of trees, and descending upon an ancient Hawaiian village, it destroyed house, pig, tree and government wharf, and filled the small bay where the Hawaiians landed their boats with a steaming, smoking maelstrom of exploding rock and cooked fish. We were just too late to see the descent of the first flow. Near the road the lava had cooled sufficiently to allow a hasty passage over the six or seven hundred yards of rudely piled clinkers. However, the rocks six inches under the surface were too hot for a thickly protected hand and there were spots that glowed white-hot under heavy, grayish ash. At night all the aforementioned furnaces became iridescent. Avoiding the places that were discolored a dirty white, and running away from cracks emitting heat waves, we all reached the opposite side. Roll was called, and other than our shoes looking like a trip with the family pup as persuader and our seat of fear badly upset, we were all right and ready after a few minutes breath to set out to see the new flow.

A great number of people had preceded us, and had left an uncertain trail through the virgin forest. We followed the trail as best we could for some two or three miles (it is hard to estimate distance correctly under the stress with which we labored), but then lost it somehow. Pushing forward to the smoke clouds we were all startled by a loud crash and, peering through the undergrowth, saw trees falling and burning before the irresistible march of nature's tank. For a

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\*A letter to President Frank Y. Taylor and family from a missionary son in Honolulu, Oahu, April 27, 1926.



few moments we were just about paralyzed. We were caught between the old and the new flow!

There is something about a lava flow that would make the most unemotional person lose his equipoise. There isn't anything that can be done about it. Mr. McWayne, rancher, upon whose land the lava flow was working depredation, could not even make his loss overshadow his appreciation of nature's power. Seeing that mass of nature's vomit certainly made me feel small, of little consequence. In Italy they all run away from lava flows, but Madam Pele, goddess of Hawaiian volcanoes, has such a reputation for the supernatural sparing of human life that everyone in Hawaii declares a holiday and goes to see her miss houses of righteous livers and destroy those of evil doers. At one time she covered many thousand acres of land to teach the owner of the gambling dens a lesson. After such a past, it is no wonder the owners of homes in the small village delayed until the flow was at their very backs. The suspense being great enough to continue, we decided the position we were in might prove uncomfortable, and so proceeded to change as rapidly as the choked growth would permit. The flow had just about shot its bolt, for which we were grateful. We ran around the front of the flow and got on the safe side from the vantage point of the old 1916 flow; we watched Madam Pele at the firing line. The flow was not moving very fast and was not molten in front. The part exposed to the air was a blue-gray color and looked a great deal like a recently removed clinker. The heavy stuff would crowd forward from the rear and push the front higher until almost a perpendicular wall, when the top would topple away, run sluggishly ahead, burning everything in its path, but cooling quickly and forming the foundation for another pileup. It was truly a wonderful sight to see the walls twenty or thirty feet high begin to break away and suddenly rush forward leaving a white-hot mass that quickly turned gray. It is just as difficult for an amateur writer to describe the scene as it would be for one unacquainted with the brush to place it upon canvas.

The aforementioned flow we saw in action stopped within a few hundred yards of where we saw it. Latest reports say that Madam Pele has again gone on vacation or back into mother earth to stir up another flaming cauldron.

Tearing ourselves away from the volcano goddess' latest effort, we descended along the trail to the state highway, re-crossed the old flow after old sol had departed—the lava flow's only rival in brightness. There was so much smoke in the air that it veiled the face of the sun and turned it into a blood-red ball with a filmy trace of clouds moving across its surface—the very reddest sun I have ever seen, sometimes it seemed to darken into a purple. After dark we could see patches of fire every place and it made us wonder why we had crossed that furnace. As the sun sank farther below the Pacific the glowing spots

grew brighter and caused shadows all around us. There was a great red glow far up the mountain side and once in every little while there would be a flame shoot high into the air. The lava fountains playing fifteen miles away made light enough to enable one to pick out objects half a mile away. While we were standing watching, the earth began to tremble and we felt a very severe quake. Was it worth it? Four nights upon hard floors would make one question the worth of most any trip, but there is no doubt in my mind as to its worth.

*Honolulu, Oahu.*

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## When You Kissed Your Father Good-Night

We sometimes laugh at his antique ways  
And may smile as we hear him talk;  
When he comes indoors with his tongue ablaze,  
We learn why you don your frock.  
On Contention's stream it is hard, we know,  
To feel that he treats you right;  
But, did ever you dream of the Long-ago,  
When you kissed your Father "Good-Night?"

At times, when the little ones hug his knee,  
Note the joy creep into his face;  
Remember the mirth of the Used-to-Be,  
When you stood in the same old place,  
Then, one fine hair of your baby head,  
Not all in the world could buy;  
Then, he craved your love and his soul was fed  
By the light in your soft blue eye.

His words may be sharp, but, what of that?  
So are yours to his keen old ears;  
Though his bright orbs flash 'neath his work-day hat  
Don't think that they can't shed tears.  
When the garnish of sin pollutes your brow,  
You don't see how his big eyes fill;  
But they saw you then and they see you now,  
And see you, they always will.

When your five-inch collar has wilted down  
And your pockets are inside out,  
And the friendly smile has become a frown  
Since Misfortune begins to sprout;  
What fairer picture can meet the eye,  
Reflected by Mem'ry's light,  
Than the wrinkled face of the days gone by,  
When you kissed your Father "Good-Night?"

WALTER P. EMMETT.

*Ogden, Utah.*

## MESSAGES FROM THE MISSIONS

"Whoso receiveth you receiveth me; and the same will feed you and clothe you, and give you money. And he who feeds you or clothes you, or gives you money, shall in nowise lose his reward."

### Prospects Good in Norway

President Martin Christopherson of the Norwegian mission, after a visit of the various conferences, reports that the prospects in that mission are exceptionally good at this time. The saints are faithfully living their religion; and the auxiliary organizations are functioning encouragingly. The choirs of Oslo, Bergen and Trondhjem conferences are doing especially good work in making the meetings interesting with their beautiful music. "Our meetings are well attended, both by saints and friends. Nineteen souls have been added to our number since the first part of the year, and we have good prospects for more. The *Improvement Era* is a welcome visitor all the time."



CHOIR OF THE HAUGESUND BRANCH, BERGEN CONFERENCE

### Ministers Becoming Interested

The Albany Spring conference of the Eastern States, held at Binghamton, New York, April 25, was addressed by President B. H. Roberts, and during the conference all the missionaries were heard in testimony. The gospel message is finding lodgment in the hearts of many investigators and several have been recently added to the Church. Four were confirmed members at conference, and one baby blessed. Interest is being aroused among sectarian ministers of Binghamton, and several exceptional opportunities have been afforded our missionaries to bear testimony. At a prayer meeting of the Plymouth Congregational church, elders and lady missionaries were in attendance and accepted the invitation to participate. Elder Clement Hilton bore testimony of the divinity of Christ and the restoration of the gospel in this dispensation. He explained the value of the Book of Mormon as a

witness for Christ and his teachings and as coming forth to stem the current of unbelief that is prevalent today. Interest was aroused by those present and a further hearing is being arranged for by the board of directors. Two Baptist ministers visited the room of Elders Hilton and Gardner and the result was a long discussion of "Mormonism." The elders explained the views of our Church, and took lead in the conversation. Assignments for the Summer work were made for the missionaries, three of whom, Sister Vera Pfost and Elders L. Ammon Hunt and Fay B. Syphus, are attending mission school.—*Leo S. Holbrook, conference president.*



MISSIONARIES ALBANY CONFERENCE

Front row: Left to right: Mildred Peterson, Zina Kunz; Leo S. Holbrook, conference president; B. H. Roberts, mission president; Alda Fugar; Vera Pfost. Middle row: Rollin E. Gardner; Rollo W. Lyman, released; Richard A. Pearce; James T. Pyper, released; Denton C. Black; Robert H. Redford; Clement Hilton. Back row: Fay B. Syphus; Roy J. Barlow; Don Q. Crowther; L. Ammon Hunt; Walter L. Marley, released.

## San Jose Holds Missionary Conference

The regular semi-annual Missionary Conference was held in San Jose Saturday and Sunday, May 8 and 9, beginning with a Priesthood meeting Saturday morning. Mission President Joseph W. McMurrin was in attendance, and his counsel and instructions were appreciated by all. Many strong testimonies were borne and interesting experiences related by missionaries and visitors. The San Jose Relief Society served a sumptuous banquet to some thirty guests on Saturday afternoon. Saturday evening the M. I. A. presented a very entertaining play, entitled "An Old Fashioned Mother." Three general sessions of the conference were held on Sunday. After 29 months of effective and faithful service, Sister Irene Willis has been released. The work is progressing in this conference, with the various branches active.



We have placed many Books of Mormon and made many new friends in the past two months—the logical sequence being: Friends, then Investigators, then Members. Elder Stephen L. Chipman of American Fork, Utah, a capable leader, president of the Alpine stake of Zion, is now presiding over the San Jose conference.—*Dycie J. Law.*



#### MISSIONARIES OF SAN JOSE CONFERENCE

Bottom row, left to right: Dycie J. Law; Morris J. Martell; Joseph W. McMurrin, president California mission; Stephen L. Chipman, conference president; Irene Willis. Second row: George E. Miller, Paul A. Dahl, Leander S. Harris, Alphonzo M. Davis, Sister Mary E. Shore. Third row: Charles Omen, Loyal Carter, Daniel Corry, J. Alton Nielson, Arthur Shore.

### New Zealand Mission Holds "Hui Tau"

The "Hui Tau," or annual conference, of the New Zealand mission, the first in two years, was held April 2, 3, and 4, 1926, at Nuhaka, Hawkes Bay, 550 miles from mission headquarters, Auckland. Nuhaka is the home of Hirini Whaanga, the venerable old chief who, with his wife, Mere, labored many years in the Salt Lake Temple. While making the two-days' journey to the conference city, we viewed Ngaruhoe, New Zealand's active volcano, and the beautiful bush of Ohakune, and passed by auto over the "devil's elbow," a mountain road 1600 feet above the river, Waikare.

Extensive preparations for the "Hui Tau" began in the early Spring (Utah's Fall) by the planting of kumeras, potatoes, melons, etc., and by preserving fruit as it became ripe. Raupo, or rushes, were cut and dried for beds, and during the last week of March three large tents were raised: a dining tent 100 feet by 60 feet, with a seating capacity of 450 diners; and two sleeping tents, each 50 feet in diameter, with accommodations for 600 guests. Beds were prepared in the meeting house by the Relief Society sisters for 57 of the elders. The food provided for the four days consisted of the

following: 5 tons of potatoes and kumeras, 11 steers, 40 sheep, 20 pigs, besides many chickens, ducks, geese, shell and other kinds of fish in large quantities, with an abundance of "puha" and cabbage.

Meetings were held in the Nuhaka branch recreational hall, a re-inforced concrete building that cost the Church and local people about \$25,000, in which more than 600 were comfortably seated. President J. Howard Jenkins presided and gave the opening conference address, exhorting the people to stand in holy places after the remission of their sins by baptism. This became the theme of the many spirited talks by missionaries and local elders. During the intervals of the nine regular conference sessions, special meetings of the Relief Society were held under the direction of Cora S. Jenkins, mission president of Relief Societies, as well as special meetings of elders, conference committee, school board, etc. Fifty-eight bore their testimonies at the evening meeting on April 3. Sunday morning, April 4, a model Sunday school was conducted by Elder William C. Carr, superintendent of mission Sunday schools; and on Sunday evening the conference closed with a Mutual Improvement meeting, conducted by Elder Leslie D. Burbidge, superintendent of mission Mutuals.

The 1927 "Hui Tau," by invitation of the Maori king and his people, will be held at Ngaruwahia, Waikato.—*J. Howard Jenkins, president New Zealand mission.*

#### ELDERS AT HUI TAU, NUHAKA, NEW ZEALAND, 1926

(See opposite page)

Sitting, left to right: Peter Kelly; Marion K. Everton, editor Te Karere; John W. Dewey; Lester S. Thomson, president Poverty Bay conference; Julian S. Oviatt; Donna, Barbara and Marion Jenkins; Ralph R. Stevenson, president Bay of Islands conference; J. Lyman Lloyd; William C. Carr, president Otago conference; Emron M. Birch; S. Paul Stewart. Second row: John Watene; Alvin A. Davis; Wesley Crouch; Ralph M. Skinner; Lindsey K. Thomas; Joseph L. Pierson, mission secretary; J. Howard Jenkins, mission president; Cora S. Jenkins, president mission Relief Societies; Wayne T. Wiser, president Auckland conference, Master John Jenkins; Dwight Z. Ward; C. Derral Bybee; Grant S. Stark; Clifford G. Knight. Third row: Tumanako Reihania; Rupert Wi Hongi; Roland H. Mortensen; William T. Ogden, Jr.; LeRoy B. Jex; Arnel J. Talbot, president Hauraki conference; LeRoy Westover; E. Lester Brown; Leonard M. Wayment; Eldred L. Braithwaite; Irvin W. Eyre, president Wairarapa conference; Clarence L. Rasmussen, president Taranaki conference; Golden J. Webster; Rex Christensen. Fourth row: Tuhaka McIlroy; Conrad C. Doney; A. Wright Grant; Owen T. Bringhurst, secretary M. A. college; Albert E. Sells, principal M. A. college; Joseph Hale; W. Floyd Ahlstrom; Edward L. Hancock; George R. Henderson; Perry V. Hinkley; H. Lester Peterson, president Wellington conference; Ezra H. Anderson, president Mahia conference; A. Reed Halverson, president Hawkes Bay conference. Top row: Apiata Meha; Marvin M. Neeley; David H. Greenwood; Thomas W. Hickman, president Manawatu conference; R. Wayne Taylor; Lloyd H. Redford; G. Lyle Palmer, president Wairau conference; Halvor T. Johnson; J. Rulon Hansen; Stanley C. Kimball; Edward D. Hoggan; Leslie D. Burbidge, president Waikato conference.

### Seventeen Baptisms in Two Months

Dale L. Lee, conference president of the Southern Illinois conference, reports progress in that district through the diligent work of the missionaries. Seventeen baptisms have been performed during the last two months. On May 9 conference was held at Springfield, Illinois, attended by a large number of friends and investigators, besides many saints who came from various portions of the conference. President John H. Taylor delivered three instructive discourses on the doctrines of the Church. Elders bore



MISSIONARIES AT HUI TAU, NUHAKA, NEW ZEALAND, 1926



fervent testimonies to the truth of the restored gospel, and went to their country work with renewed zeal.



#### MISSIONARIES OF SOUTHERN ILLINOIS CONFERENCE

Top row, left to right: J. S. Hopkins, R. E. Yorgarson, T. R. Larson, A. N. Johnson, H. Y. Yergerson, W. R. Mellor, Glen Reese. Sitting: Willis A. Fawns; Oren C. Fuller, mission secretary; John H. Taylor, president Northern States mission; Dale L. Lee, president Southern Illinois conference; R. V. Reeder.

### San Francisco Conference Convenes

The San Francisco semi-annual conference convened in Oakland, May 14, 15 and 16, with 1285 persons in attendance at the Sunday sessions. Among the distinguished visitors were Mission President Joseph W. McMurrin, wife and daughter, Lucile, President Stephen L. Chipman of the San Jose conference, and President Earl Crowthers of the Nevada conference. Miss Lucile McMurrin gave two impressive scriptural readings from the Bible during the sessions on Sunday. All branch presidents gave encouraging reports of local conditions in the branches of the conference. We have in this conference three thousand saints, in seven fully organized branches, and three independent Sunday schools, together with twenty missionaries. The work of the Lord is growing in this section of California, and every conference finds the saints on a firmer foundation than before. We wish to express our appreciation for the *Improvement Era*.—David A. Harmore, conference president.

### Southern Sweden Holds Conference

Axel R. Johnson, Helsingborg, Sweden, writes: "We have just finished our Spring conference in Malmo, Sweden. The work is going forward with better and better impetus every day. Many who have heard the gospel before, and have forgotten it for other things in life, are now awakening to the fact that they are here for a higher purpose than to eat, sleep and be merry.



Many of them are investigating the gospel again in real earnest. Also many who have never heard the gospel before are very enthusiastic over the message as taught by the Latter-day Saints. We feel encouraged over the outlook, and are sure of good results in our work. The photograph shows Mission President John H. Anderson and the missionaries laboring in the Malmo conference.



Sitting, left to right: John Malmstrom, Murray; Mission President John H. Anderson, Logan. Standing: John Stromberg, Eureka; Milford H. Jensen, Smithfield, Utah; Axel R. Johnson, Burley, Idaho; Axel M. Fors, Kavlinge, Sweden, conference president.

## Book of Mormon a Convert-Getter

Orin C. Fuller, secretary of the Northern States mission, reports that the missionaries of the Ohio district, meeting in conference on March 6 and 7 at Columbus, Ohio, reported that they had been very successful in selling Books of Mormon to the people. "The Book of Mormon," he continues, "is our great convert-getter: so we all feel that we are enjoying success in our labors."

## Elder Joseph Fielding Smith in the Northcentral States Mission

Elder Raymond L. Allen, conference president, Regina, Saskatchewan, Canada, reports that Elder Joseph Fielding Smith recently toured the Northcentral States mission, and that they had a visit from him and President J. G. Allred on the 19th of March. Elder Smith was the first of the Twelve to visit Regina, since the South Saskatchewan conference was opened. The admonitions of the brethren were a spiritual feast, indeed, to the many who heard them. We have eight elders working here, and have met with great success. Last Summer two elders put out an average of fifty Books of Mormon every month. The people's hearts here are open for the truth, and the harvest is sure to be a large one.



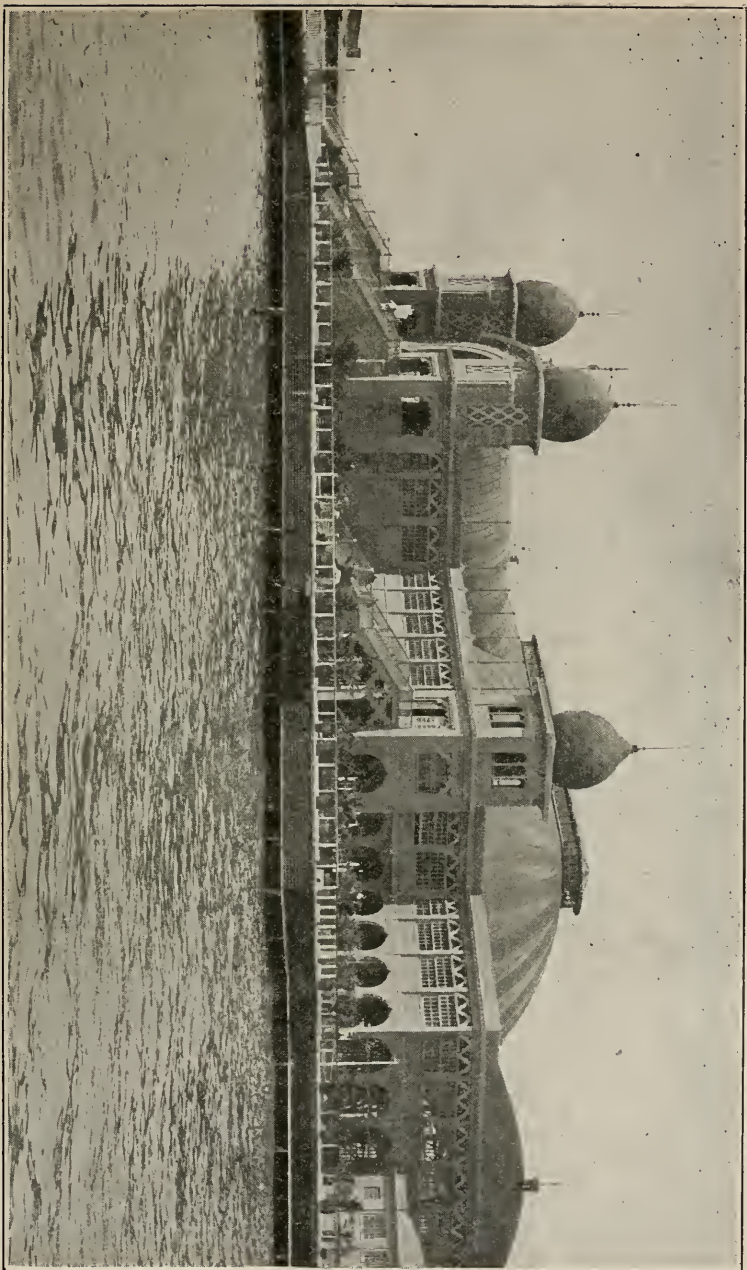
#### ELDERS OF SOUTH SASKATCHEWAN CONFERENCE

Front row, left to right: Ben W. Harding, Malad, Idaho; J. G. Allred, mission president; Elmer M. Ririe, Magrath, Alberta; Joseph Fielding Smith, Council of the Twelve; R. T. Reynolds, Mt. Pleasant, Utah; James Bronsen, Jr., Burley, Idaho; Raymond L. Allen, conference president, Richmond, Utah. Back row: Carl J. Sorenson, Murray, Utah; Albert Isfield, Edenwold, Saskatchewan; V. Knetchel, Moose Jaw, Canada; G. G. Whyte, Regina, Canada; Joseph F. Finch, Eureka, Utah; Geo. Alleman, Jr., Bern, Idaho.



#### ELDERS OF SOUTH CAROLINA CONFERENCE, SOUTHERN STATES MISSION

Standing, left to right: Owen W. West, Lorenzo Ward, Jesse Farr, Morris T. Bunnell, Leland C. Murri, C. C. Toone, Alan E. Brockbank, H. G. Tempest, Vearl Lines, John M. Rider, Evan J. Larson, Jesse A. Clement, Reuben Birch, Robert Winn, Loyal H. Cole and D. R. LeBaron. Sitting, left to right: Lorenzo Day, Osborne Low, Ezra F. Walker, Sister Geo. F. Richards, George F. Richards, of the Council of the Twelve; President Charles A. Callis, Conference President T. Joseph Steed, A. W. Ossmen, and John A. Hunt. Front row, left to right: Willard J. Anderson, William J. Beaus, Ralph A. Sheffield, Burton R. Scott and A. J. Plumb.



### THE NEW SALT AIR

The famous and beautiful Recreation Palace on the Great Salt Lake, Restored and Enlarged. - Here, on Friday, June 11, 4 to 11 p. m., the official delegates of the M. I. A. Conference were guests of the General Boards.



# Editors' Table

## The June Conference

The great annual conference of the Young Men's and Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Associations, held in Salt Lake City, June 11 to 13, was attended by numerous representatives from practically every stake of Zion. Los Angeles contributed 700 people, among them a chorus of 117 M Men and Gleaner Girls, their singing being a leading feature of the conference. Maricopa, Arizona, sent 50. The meetings held on Friday and Saturday were full of practical instructions for the officers, and featured the departments of the organization, including the Scout and Junior, Senior, Advance Senior and Recreation divisions. The treatment of the theme, "What are the outstanding needs of the young people of the Church, and how can the M. I. A. best meet them?" was new and attractive and aroused many excellent suggestions and, we hope, thoughts upon the subject. The contests among choruses, quartettes, public speaking, trios, orchestras, were unusually interesting and created many favorable comments. The visit to the new and brilliant Saltair was greatly enjoyed. The Sunday sessions in the Tabernacle and Assembly Hall were real feasts. A wonderful testimony meeting was held at 8:30 in the morning and a joint officers' session at 10:30 a. m., at which Dr. John A. Widtsoe spoke on the new slogan, which was then adopted, "We stand for a testimony of the divine mission of Joseph Smith;" and Bishop Sylvester Q. Cannon spoke entertainingly upon "Maintaining M. I. A. Standards." In the afternoon, at 2 o'clock, the general session was presided over by President Anthony W. Ivins, President Heber J. Grant, everybody regretted, being unable to attend on account of illness. The house was packed in the evening at the general session, the theme for the evening being the general motto of the organization, "The Glory of God is Intelligence," upon which President Anthony W. Ivins gave an inspirational discourse, following a special ceremony upon the theme with musical setting. The evening session was a joint one of the Mutuals and the Primary organizations, which latter also held their conference during the same days.

The August number of the *Improvement Era* will contain some of the speeches, with illustrations of the choruses and other participants in the contest numbers. Information concerning the contest numbers and the winners is found in this issue of the *Era*.—A.



## M. I. A. Reading Course 1926-27

There are four books on the M. I. A. Reading Course this season. The list follows:

*The Book of Mormon*; by mail, 50c.

*Prophecies of Joseph Smith and Their Fulfilment*, by Nephi L. Morris; by mail, \$1.50.

*Hugh Wynne*, a novel, by S. Weir Mitchell; \$1.25; by mail, \$1.35.

*Wild Life in the Rockies*, by Enos A. Mills; \$2.50; by mail, \$2.60.

Full set delivered, \$5.50. Remittance must accompany orders. The Deseret Book Company, 44 East South Temple, Salt Lake City, Utah, P. O. Box 1793, are handling the course.

Since the year 1927 marks the one hundredth anniversary of the delivery of the plates to Joseph Smith, the Prophet, this is a very opportune time to have the Book of Mormon placed upon the Reading Course. There will be special interest and desire by all the members of the M. I. A. to read the wonderful contents of this sacred record.

Taking into account the fact that the slogan of the M. I. A. for this year, 1926-27, is, "We stand for a testimony of the divine mission of Joseph Smith," a study of his prophecies and their fulfilment is of vital importance to all students of the slogan, in that it will tend to bring a testimony to the individual concerning this vital subject. This book is especially adapted for strengthening the testimony of the reader on the divine mission of the prophet.

The year 1926 marks the one hundred fiftieth anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence. *Hugh Wynne*, the novel, by S. Weir Mitchell, gives a thrilling insight into the conditions that preceded this great epoch in the history of the world, and will be read by young people with keen interest.

To the Scouts and to the Advanced Junior men, a study of the *Wild Life in the Rockies* will have immediate and important attractiveness.

The Reading Course this year should be an alluring study for every member of the organization. The spiritual nature of the community will be awakened and strengthened through the slogan on obtaining a testimony of the divine mission of the Prophet Joseph Smith. Through the study of the Book of Mormon and the prophecies of the Prophet, this testimony will be given birth and grow. Light on the struggle for the precious liberty we enjoy will come from the novel. Love of nature will be strengthened by reading *Wild Life in the Rockies*. Systematic reading fifteen or twenty minutes a day will accomplish wonders, and will be an education in itself in the three important subjects: religion, history, and nature study, provided in the Reading Course for 1926-27. Let us begin to read now—this month.—A.

## The Sesqui-Centennial

In May of this year, Philadelphia opened a celebration known as the "sesqui-centennial," in honor of the one hundred fiftieth anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence. On the 15th of May, 1776, Congress voted that all British authority in the country ought to be suppressed. Following that action, a little later, committees were appointed to draft the declaration and to prepare articles of confederation. The Declaration of Independence, chiefly in the words of Thomas Jefferson of Virginia, was finally adopted on July 4, 1776.

The Philadelphia Exposition commemorates the rise of this Nation and brings to the world a view of its progress in the last century and a half. It is the birthday of the United States that is being celebrated. The exposition not only shows the growth of our Nation, but witnesses that many other nations have taken advantage of the "sesqui-centennial" to show their own growth. It brings together the striking evidences of accomplishment in leading lines of endeavor in many nations of the earth.

The Declaration of Independence, in which the Thirteen American colonies declared their liberty, was signed at Philadelphia, the spot where our Nation had its birth; hence, it is quite appropriate that the hundred fiftieth anniversary of its signing should be celebrated there.

While the present exposition has not been widely advertised, nor received other great publicity; nevertheless, it is believed that many millions of people will visit the exposition before it closes in November. Undoubtedly much good will come to the visitors and to the world because of it.

In view of the auspicious occasion, it is quite appropriate that the youth of the land should learn about the conditions that caused the revolution, separating the people of this country from the mother nation. It is a good time to study the history of our country, to gain a knowledge of the causes that created the Declaration of Independence. It is a fitting time to become informed on the value of the liberty that is ours and which, through this nation, came to the world, through the experience and suffering of the signers of the Declaration of Independence and the inhabitants of the thirteen original states. It is an opportune chance to review the past, and to learn the lessons of sacrifice that the founders suffered in order that we might have the liberty that we now enjoy. It ought to give us renewed loyalty to our government and a stronger determination to support the principles and laws underlying our liberty and independence.

In this connection, the Reading Course this year for the M. I. A. contains a novel which elucidates with great interest some of the conditions that existed prior to the Declaration of Independence, show-

ing how families became separated; how people who were friends sided, either with the king or with the country; turmoils through which they had to pass in order that liberty might be born. We hope that all our young people will read *Hugh Wynne*; it will give them information that will enhance their interest in the thrilling history of our beloved country.—A

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## M. I. A. Slogan for 1926-27

“WE STAND FOR A TESTIMONY OF THE DIVINE MISSION OF JOSEPH SMITH.”

In other words, we declare and maintain that the commission and delegation of Joseph Smith, the Prophet, to perform the service which he did in the earth, emanated from God, and hence his was a sacred and holy calling.

What was the mission of Joseph Smith, to which he was called by the Father and the Son?

It was to establish the Church of Christ upon the earth at a time when, according to the word of the Lord, men had gone astray. The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, in itself and in its history, is an evidence that the service of the Prophet Joseph was divine. Because of his calling and instruction of the Lord, Joseph was able to state marvelous truths not heretofore understood, and which truths neither ancestry nor schooling did or could give him; they could come only from a divine source.

How is the divine mission of Joseph shown in the work which he did and the truths he revealed?

He testified of the personality of God and of his Son and of the Holy Ghost; that God has revealed himself to man in the day in which we live; that there was no divine authority in the churches at the time of his calling; that, through the call of God, the Father, and his Son Jesus Christ, and the ministry of heavenly messengers, authority was given to Joseph to act in the name of God.

How may this testimony be obtained?

A testimony of Joseph's divine mission may be received through prayer and the inspiration of the Holy Ghost; and it may become a reality and be retained in the lives of all who seek it through right living. Individuals who are not members of the Church are required to repent, be baptized, and receive, under the hands of the authorized elders, the gift of the Holy Ghost. Persons already in the Church possess that gift, and through clean and righteous living are entitled to be, and will be, led to know, by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, that Joseph's mission was divine.

Joseph was led to teach practical ways that men and women may

follow so that the blessings of faith and testimony may come to them. Evidence of his divine authority, as stated, is found in the Church which he established.

Elder James E. Talmage, of the Council of the Twelve, has said, in justification of the claims made by and for Joseph the Prophet:

1. Ancient prophecy has been fulfilled in the restoration of the gospel, and in the re-establishment of the Church of Jesus Christ upon the earth, through his instrumentality.
2. He received by direct ordination and appointment, at the hands of those who were empowered in former dispensations, the authority to minister in the various ordinances of the gospel.
3. His possession of the power of true prophecy, and of other spiritual gifts, was abundantly shown by the results of his ministry.
4. The doctrines he taught are both true and scriptural.

Joseph Smith taught God's way of prayer; God's way to health, to success, to happiness, to perfection and to peace. (Doc. and Cov. 41:3; 89; 59; 45:8; 14:7; 88:74-83, 123-127.)

Every available method by which one can obtain an individual testimony of the divinity of Jesus Christ may be adopted to obtain a testimony of the divine mission of the Prophet Joseph Smith, and of the great work which he established never more to be thrown down nor to be given to another people.—A .

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## BOOKS

*A Study in Hebrew and Indian Languages*, by Thomas W. Brookbank is the title of a pamphlet of twenty-six large pages printed by the Salt Lake Efficiency Printing Company. The object of the author is to show the similarity between the Hebrew and the Indian languages. To this end a large number of illustrations, showing identical forms, or a striking similarity in form, in whole or in part, are given in the work. The similarity between the two languages is really remarkable, especially when it is considered that the greater part of the North American Indians have had no books of any kind, or alphabetical writings in manuscript form in the long centuries of their history. Hence the greater marvel that more than a chance word here and there should show any great relationship in any respect or degree to the Hebrew; even if it were conceded that two thousand five hundred years ago their forefathers were Hebrews in very deed. The author calls attention to the changes that have taken place in the English language during the different periods of its history from 1170 to 1892, A. D. The book is well worth study to those interested in the change of language, and particularly to those interested in the similarity between the Hebrew and the North American Indian languages as bearing upon the relationship between the Indians and the Hebrews. The examples are largely from standard historical works and also several words from the Book of Mormon, and one example from *The Pearl of Great Price*.

We have received a book of poems, seventy-seven in number, entitled *Anchor Poems*, by Robert Sparks Walker, and published by Fleming H. Revell



Company, New York. The book is dedicated to Wendell, the son of the author, "because he frequently disagrees with me." Each one of the poems in the book is headed by a scriptural quotation, which is treated in the poem, the first one being "Let thy words be few." (Ecc. 5:2.) Mr. Walker is a well known writer and newspaper man of Chattanooga, Tennessee, and has written frequent articles for the *Improvement Era*. His *Anchor Poems* is well named; one cannot go far astray in taking for his text beautiful passages from the holy Scriptures. The book may be read with profit, not only by Wendell, his son, but by many young people who are inclined to disagree with anything scriptural. Fleming H. Revell Company, Publishers, New York.

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## The Pioneers

Ever westward—ever looking toward the evening sunset-sky,  
 Lap by lap, new generations o'er the road go trailing by.  
 Caravans of prairie schooners with their cumb'rous, heavy load  
 Blaze the way for those who follow; make for them a westward road.  
 Ah, the first trail toward the sunset, with its mingled hopes and fears,  
 Could be traced by bleeding footprints of the sturdy Pioneers.  
 They, the men of forty-seven braved the hostile Indian bands,  
 Crossed a continent, unbroken, through the wild untrodden lands.  
 Night and night the men stood guarding, for the camp might be waylaid  
 By the fierce and savage Red Man, if his hand should not be stayed.  
 Oft the horses and the cattle were stampeded in the night,  
 Tramping down on men or women in their desperate, maddened flight.  
 When the prairie fires were raging—filled the air with lurid flame,  
 Then the cries of beasts unheard of stilled their hearts with fears unnamed.  
 Oft the wind howled through the canvas, rolling in terrific peals,  
 Stripping shelter from the helpless till the bravest watchman reels.  
 Then grim cholera claimed its victims, taking gaunt and ghastly toll,  
 Till the lone graves dot the desert where the sandy billows roll.  
 Oft the thunders shook the heavens; flashed the lightning's vivid glare,  
 And the rain came down in torrents, drenching all the earth and air.  
 Far beyond Missouri's waters, miles on miles of sand dunes tell,  
 Where are lying by the trail-way, whitened bones of beasts that fell.  
 But those stout hearts ask no quarter—yield no quarter to the foe,  
 Beast nor scourge nor death can stay them, lap by lap the Pilgrims go.  
 Pushing through the flood and defile—"Mormon" Road or Or'gon trail,  
 Bearing westward—ever westward, toward the evening sunset sky,  
 Men of vision, men of courage, men of faith that cannot fail,  
 Suns look down upon the Pilgrims—lap by lap a-trailing by.

*Tridell, Utah*

Alice Morrill

# Priesthood Quorums

## New Priesthood Bulletin—Reconvert the Careless

For the information of stake presidencies and ward bishoprics and to encourage stake and ward Aaronic Priesthood committees, the Presiding Bishopric expect to send out a bulletin after the quarter ending June 30, showing the relative position of the various stakes regarding their Aaronic Priesthood activities. This report will show comparatively the attendance and activities of the various quorums. To make proper comparisons, therefore, the quarterly reports should be accurately and thoroughly compiled. Every person bearing the Aaronic Priesthood in every ward should be accounted for.

In examining the reports for the quarter ending March 31, and in making inquiry in some of the stakes, it appears that some do not account for all who hold the Priesthood, but account for those only who are of the age at which young men are expected to be actively engaged in Aaronic Priesthood duties. To do this makes a false showing which is unfair to those who comply strictly with the requirements. The purpose of this record is to enable ward and stake officials to determine how well the Aaronic Priesthood work is being done and to enable them to search out the careless and indifferent ones and arrange for special labors with them, with a view to encouraging them to honor the Priesthood they hold.

It is just as important that we labor with those who are careless and indifferent as it is to encourage those who have an interest in the work and are trying through their efforts to qualify for greater service, and to earn the blessings promised by the Lord. Those who have the spirit of the work will respond with very little effort, while those who are in darkness because of carelessness, indifference, or other causes, must be labored with patiently and constantly, in a spirit of love and helpfulness. Stake and ward officers should be untiring in their efforts to reconvert those who are found to be in this condition, for such work is most valuable missionary work.—*The Presiding Bishopric of the Church.*

## The Reason for High Average Attendance

The Highland Park ward, Granite stake, shows an excellent record of the work of the Aaronic Priesthood for the three months ending March 31. The average attendance of members at their quorum meetings during that period was nearly 60% of the total membership. All members of the priests' and deacons' quorums have attended some class meetings during the three months and only two teachers have not attended any meetings. Nearly 80% of the total number have lesson outlines. This work is well organized, which accounts for the progress made.

## Supervising Committees

The Ogden stake has an active committee of the High Council in charge of Aaronic Priesthood work. The quarterly report shows that all of the eleven wards of the stake are organized with supervising committees, under the direction of the bishoprics. The stake committee has made visits to the Aaronic Priesthood classes in the various ward priesthood meetings practically every week during the quarter.

# Mutual Work

## Program of M. I. A. Conventions, 1926

Held in Connection With Regular Quarterly Conferences

- July 24-25—Curlew, Lethbridge, Lost River.  
July 27-28—Alberta.  
July 31-Aug. 1—Taylor, Twin Falls.  
Aug. 7-8—Big Horn, Blaine, Wayne, Teton.  
Aug. 14-15—Bannock, Blackfoot, Idaho Falls, Oneida.  
Aug. 21-22—Bear River, Idaho, Kanab, Portneuf, So. Sanpete.  
Aug. 28-29—Bear Lake, Garfield, Gunnison, Millard, Panguitch.  
Sept. 11-12—Boise, Juab, Minidoka, Montpelier, Parowan, Raft River, North Sanpete, San Juan.  
Sept. 15-16—Young.  
Sept. 18-19—Duchesne, Roosevelt, San Luis, Star Valley, Union, St. George.  
Sept. 25-26—Carbon, Deseret, Fremont, Hyrum, Morgan, Sevier, Uintah.  
Oct. 16-17—Benson, Cassia, North Sevier, Shelley, Tintic, Woodruff, Yellowstone.  
Oct. 23-24—South Sevier, Summit, Snowflake.  
Oct. 30-31—Beaver, Emery, Malad, St. Johns.  
Nov. 6-7—Burley, Maricopa.  
Nov. 13-14—Juarez.  
Nov. 20-21—Pocatello, Rigby, St. Joseph, Moapa.  
Nov. 27-28—Franklin, Wasatch, Los Angeles.

### Schedule of Meetings

#### *Saturday*

- 10:00 a. m. to 11:30 a. m.—General Session.  
10:45 a. m. to 12:30 p. m.—Y. M. M. I. A. Stake Executive Officers' Meeting.  
2:00 p. m. to 3:15 p. m.—General Session.  
3:15 p. m. to 5:00 p. m.—Joint and Separate M. I. A. Stake Board Meetings.  
7:00 p. m. to 8:30 p. m.—M. I. A. Stake and Ward Committees on Recreation.  
8:40 p. m. to 10:30 p. m.—Entertainment for the entire stake membership.

#### *Sunday*

- 10:00 a. m. to 12:00 noon—Y. M. M. I. A. Stake and Ward Officers and Teachers' Meeting.  
2:00 to 4:00 p. m. General Quarterly Conference Session.  
7:30 p. m. to 9:00 p. m.—M. I. A. Public Meeting.

### *Instructions and Suggestions*

The Auxiliary Group Conventions are held in connection with the regularly scheduled quarterly conferences of the stakes holding two-day conferences as provided for by the General Authorities of the Church.

The heads of all auxiliary organizations, both stake and ward, should examine carefully the entire program as provided, and make whatever preparation is necessary or contemplated by the program and as instructed by the General Boards. They should endeavor to have present at the convention as many of their workers as can possibly attend.

The general sessions are intended for all members of the stake. It is hoped that these will be well attended. One-day conventions will be named later.

## SATURDAY MORNING

10:00 a. m. to 11:30 a. m.  
General Session

10:45 a. m. to 12:30 p. m.  
*Y. M. M. I. A. Stake Executive Officers' Meeting*

## SATURDAY AFTERNOON

2:00 p. m. to 3:15 p. m.  
General Session

3:15 p. m. to 5:00 p. m.  
*M. I. A. Stake Board Meetings*

*Joint M. I. A. Stake Board Meeting*

1. Advanced Seniors.
  - a. Our Best Advanced Senior Class and Why It Succeeded—Stake Board Representative.
  - b. The Leader—The Members—The Program—The Method—General Board Representative.
2. Cooperative Plans for Winning and Holding Members—Stake Board Representative.
3. Proper Administration of the M. I. A. Joint Work, Associate Members—General Board Representative.

*Y. M. M. I. A. Stake Board Meeting*

1. The Year Round Program of the Stake Board—General Board Representative.
2. Discussion.

## SATURDAY EVENING

7:00 p. m. to 8:30 p. m.

*M. I. A. Stake and Ward Executive Officers and Committees on Recreation*

Program for meeting of M. I. A. Committee on Recreation of Fall Conventions on Saturday, at 7 p. m.:

1. General Statement of Organization—Condition of the Stake in the Field of Recreation at the Present Time—Stake Board Representative.
2. Explanation of New Official Guide on Recreation—General Board Representative.
3. A Brief Presentation of the M. I. A. Year Round Program on Recreation—General Board Representative.
4. Outlining and Working Plan for Stake and Ward Committees on Recreation: Organization, Finance, Types of Activities—Stake Board Representative.
5. Discussion.

8:40 p. m. to 10:30 p. m.

*Entertainment for the Stake Membership Under the Direction of the  
M. I. A. Stake Committees on Recreation*

## SUNDAY MORNING

10:00 a. m. to 12 noon

*Y. M. M. I. A. Stake and Ward Officers' and Teachers' Meeting*

1. The Value of Good Books; the New Reading Course and How to Get It Read, ten minutes—Stake Board Representative.
2. The Success of the Era and Fund, ten minutes—A Ward President.



3. Membership Survey and Follow-up, ten minutes—General Board Representative.
4. The New Courses of Study; Plans for M Men and Scouting, ten minutes—Stake Board Representative.
5. The Young Married Man's Opportunity in the M. I. A., ten minutes—Stake Board Representative.
6. Systematizing the Work of the Ward Presidency Covering the Year Round Program, ten minutes—A Ward President.
7. General Summary and Instructions—General Board Representative.

### SUNDAY 2 p. m.

#### *General Conference Session*

### SUNDAY EVENING

7:30 p. m. to 9:00 p. m.

#### *M. I. A. Public Meeting*

Theme: The Slogan—"We stand for a testimony of the divine mission of Joseph Smith."

1. Song, "We thank thee, O God, for a prophet"—Congregation.
2. Prayer.
3. Song, "Praise to the man who communed with Jehovah" Congregation.
4. Short Sayings from the Revelations of Joseph Smith, 2 minutes each—Three Young Men and Three Young Ladies. (Selections will be furnished by Stake Superintendent and President.)
5. Male Solo, "The Seer, the Seer, Joseph, the Seer."
6. The Value of a Living Testimony of the Divine Mission of Joseph Smith, seven minutes—A Gleaner Girl.
7. A Testimony of the Divine Mission of Joseph Smith, seven minutes—An M Man.
8. Repetition of the Slogan—Congregation.
9. Special music bearing on the theme.
10. Remarks—General Board Representatives.
11. Song, "True to the Faith"—Congregation.
12. Benediction.

## Musical and Literary Contests at M. I. A. Conference

One of the leading activities in the M. I. A. conference was the literary and musical contest. Thousands had taken part in the various wards and stakes. The interest was now centered in the Church try-outs and finals.

The following district entries were made in musical and literary contest work:

*M Men Public Speaking*—Young, Montpelier, Cache, Los Angeles, Deseret, Granite, Fremont, Maricopa, Utah, Ogden, Sevier, Parowan, Burley, Big Horn. These districts comprise 83 stakes.

*M Men Quartette*—Montpelier, Cache, Los Angeles, Deseret, Fremont, Maricopa, Utah, Ogden, Granite, Sevier. These districts comprise 66 stakes.

*Y. M. M. I. A. Male Chorus*—Montpelier, Cache, Los Angeles, Deseret, Fremont, Maricopa, Utah, Ogden, Granite, Sevier. These districts comprise 67 stakes.

*Instrumental Trio*—Cache, Fremont, Maricopa, Utah, Ogden, Granite. These districts comprise 50 stakes.

*M. I. A. Orchestra*—Cache, Fremont, Maricopa, Ogden, Granite, Sevier. These districts comprise 47 stakes.

*Y. L. M. I. A. Senior Public Speaking*—Cache, Deseret, Fremont, Maricopa,

Ogden, Utah, Sevier, Granite, Uintah, Los Angeles, Boise, Big Horn, Burley, Montpelier, Parowan, Young. These districts comprise 88 stakes.

Y. L. M. I. A. Ladies' Chorus—Cache, Deseret, Fremont, Maricopa, Utah, Ogden, Granite, Montpelier, Parowan, Los Angeles, Burley, Sevier. These districts comprise 79 stakes.

### The Winners

Following were the winners in the final contests:

#### M Men Public Speaking:

1. Donald Lloyd, Utah stake; subject, "Divinity of Jesus Christ;" gold medal prize.
2. Garff Wilson, Weber stake; subject, "The Keys to Peace;" gold medal prize.

#### M Men Quartette:

1. St. George stake, gold medal prize.
2. Morgan stake, gold medal prize. Members: Scott Taggart, Philo Peterson, Joseph Francis and Lester Francis.

#### Y. L. M. I. A. Chorus:

1. Los Angeles stake, \$50 prize.
2. Cottonwood stake, \$25 prize.

#### Y. M. M. I. A. Male Chorus:

1. Bear River stake, George O. Nye, conductor; Mrs. Pearl Peck, accompanist; \$50 prize. Members: W. W. Richards, Ariel Bradshaw, Spencer Brown, Lawrence Wortley, J. J. Shumway, Clifton Kerr, Eddie Kerr, Wendell Grover, F. L. Nye, Alma King, Chas. H. Last, Lyman T. Thorpe, P. W. Christensen, Lee Nebeker, H. M. Williams, J. H. Kirkham, J. Delos Thompson, Oscar Koford, Henry Bronn, Roy K. Haws, James Walton, Marion Summers.
2. Franklin stake, Mark Nichols, conductor; \$25 prize. Eighteen members.

#### Instrumental Trio:

1. Granite stake, gold medal prize. Members: Johanna Lee, violin; Clifton Jacobson, cello; Norma Bryan, piano.
2. Mt. Ogden stake, gold medal prize. Members: Melba Hyde, violin; Marjorie Perrins, piano; Phyllis Proudfit, cello.

#### M. I. A. Orchestra:

1. Ensign stake, \$50 prize. Members: Marion Lyon, piano; Edmer Reynolds, violin; Gwen Bitner, violin; Ireta Roycastle, cello; Geo. J. Ross, clarinet; Richard Bennett, flute.
2. Morgan stake, \$25 prize. Members: Horace Ross, bass horn; Ada Waldron, soprano saxophone; E. H. Anderson, III, E flat saxophone; Owen Kearns, E flat saxophone; Jack Francis, cornet; Scott Taggart, trombone; Philo Peterson, drums; Doyle Tucker, clarinet; Wesley Porter, violin; Richard Rawle, violin; Glen Hanson, piano.

#### Y. L. M. I. A. Senior Public Speaking:

1. Margaret Pierpont, Ensign stake; subject, "Ingratitude;" gold medal prize.
2. Mae Balls, Box Elder stake; subject, "M. I. A. Slogan;" gold medal.

The following stakes received 100% in the efficiency report Y. M. M. I. A. for 1925-26:

January: Fremont, Taylor. February. Liberty, Lethbridge. March: Cassia, Lethbridge, Maricopa, Taylor. April: Lethbridge.

The result of the reading contest in the Four Gospels will be reported later; also statistical and other reports. Some of the leading speeches will also appear later in the *Era*.

## New Stake Superintendents

Mark King has been appointed superintendent of the Y. M. M. I. A. of the Lost River stake, and he takes the place of former superintendent, Charles G. Johnson, Jr., Moore, Idaho.

Orville H. Stanfield of Gannett, Idaho, has been appointed supervisor of the M. I. A. of the Northwestern States Mission to succeed Abram W.

Conover, released, under whose supervision growth and interest has largely increased until there are now 23 associations in the mission.

On Sunday, April 18, Elder James W. Bodily was released from acting as stake superintendent of the Y. M. M. I. A., and in his place Elder Loren Lewis was sustained in that position in the Burley stake of Zion, Idaho.

R. Alvin Moss of Bountiful has been appointed superintendent of the Y. M. M. I. A. of South Davis stake vice Grant S. Clark, Farmington, Utah.

Thomas Gordon Smith has been appointed superintendent of the Parowan stake Y. M. M. I. A. vice M. J. Urie, Cedar City, Utah.

## A College Seminary Class

Andrew M. Anderson, principal of the Cedar L. D. S. Seminary, informs us that this class is the first college seminary class graduated in the Church. The class has an enrollment of forty-two students in the branch agricultural college, and the course of study followed has been "New Testament Ethics."



CEDAR CITY SEMINARY CLASS

the major part of the course having been taken from outlines prepared by Dean Milton Bennion of the University of Utah. As this is the pioneer class of what will likely become an extensive movement in our seminaries in the future, it is an interesting picture to put on record. The information coming from Principal Andrew M. Anderson is dated May 17, 1926.

## M. I. A. Reading Course 1926-27

There are four books on the M. I. A. Reading Course this season. The list follows:

*The Book of Mormon*, 50c; by mail, 60c.

*Prophecies of Joseph Smith and Their Fulfilment*, by Nephi L. Morris, \$1.50; by mail, \$1.50.

*Hugh Wynne*, a novel, by S. Weir Mitchell, \$1.25; by mail, \$1.35.

*Wild Life in the Rockies*, Enos A. Mills, \$2.50; by mail, \$2.60.

Full set of four books, delivered, \$5.50. Remittance must accompany orders. The Deseret Book Company, 44 East South Temple, Salt Lake City, Utah, P. O. Box 1793, are handling the course. The standards committees in cooperation with the M. I. A. officers should immediately set to work to provide the books and have the reading proceed.

## Manuals for General Class Study and Home Reading 1926-27

*The Joint Advance Senior Class.*—This class has heretofore used the *Era* and *Journal* for their texts. This year they will have two manuals, so that a choice may be made by any Advance Senior class as to which they will study: 1. *Heroes of Science*, by Dr. F. S. Harris and N. I. Butt. 2. *Rational Theology*, by Dr. John A. Widtsoe.

A course in *Current Topics* will also be provided to appear in the magazines, and not in manual form. The outline is prepared by the Committee on Advance Senior Class Study.

*Senior Class.*—*The Young Man and Religion*. This is the fifth manual of the Achievement Series, and perhaps the most important. It should be widely adopted by every M Men class in the Church.

*Junior Department.*—This department has two manuals:

*Junior Class*—*Stories of Courage and Devotion*. (Book three of Story Series.)

*Advance Junior Class*—*Religion, A Vital Factor in Character Building*. (Book three of Character Series.)

The price of the Advanced Senior manuals will be made known later. The price for the others will be 25c each. The *Improvement Era* will contain the outlines of the Committee's lessons on current topics.

## Information for the Officers of the Y. M. M. I. A.

The following pamphlets, bulletins and publications may be obtained at the office of the Y. M. M. I. A., 47 East South Temple, Salt Lake City, Utah, upon application:

*Fathers and Sons' Annual Outing, Summer of 1926*, free.

*M. I. A. Year Round Recreation Program and Contests for 1926-27*, containing the M. I. A. year round programs in recreation and contest work, monthly recreational programs for the whole season, 1926-27, also the details of the contests for the coming season for the ward, stake and Church, including all the joint work, and the contests in orchestra, band, drama, dancing, with prizes for each. This contains also the stake and district contests and all the various numbers and activities in the stakes, together with rules and regulations and points for judgment. Distributed free on application.

*Recreation Bulletin No. 6*. This tells how to study local recreation problems; a pamphlet brimming full of information in the twenty-eight pages which it contains, price 5c.

*Recreation Organization and Leadership*, a new edition of the official recreation guide. A book of 180 pages; price, 35c.

*The Y. M. M. I. A. Hand Book*, a guide for stake and ward officers of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, containing information for the guidance of officers in every department of Y. M. M. I. A. work, and of joint work with the Y. L. M. I. A. A book of 208 pages; price, 35c.



## Curlew Stake Champions

In the Curlew stake during the past Winter, they had a Mutual basketball team, which was a success from every standpoint, according to Superintendent D. G. Nelson, Jr., who states that on the day set every game was played without a miss. He believes that they have lifted the standard of basketball at least one hundred per cent by making it an M. I. A. proposition. The winning team from Stone ward, who won the championship in basketball are highly recommended by the Superintendent. He says they are clean sports, "not a member of the team uses tobacco, or dissipates otherwise, to



STONE WARD CHAMPIONS, CURLEW STAKE

my knowledge." The names of the champions are as follow: (left to right) Walter Williams, Clifford Neal, Ronald Harris, Howard Neal and Merle Neal, with Fred Neal and Ray Roe acting as managers holding the pennant. He says further: "On May 12 we held our Field Day, a great success, a splendid program in the afternoon with the house overflowing. At least 350 people attended. We brought the two ends of the stake together in baseball, and finished with a dancing party in the evening."

## Benson Stake Banquet

In a report from Ernest P. Horsley, of the General Board Y. M. M. I. A., he calls attention to a banquet of the Y. M. M. I. A. at Benson stake. It was given in honor of the Advanced Senior class with the best attendance for the class period just closing, at Richmond Social Hall, Tuesday, May 25. The banquet was very praiseworthy. One hundred fifty people were seated at the table laden with the choicest of the land. A program of humor and life-giving pastime was indulged in. At the close of the banquet, they presented a pageant, reflecting the study in the Advanced Senior program, and which emphasized the home circle in A-1 style. The pageant represented Play, Study, Friendship, Parental Love, etc., and was just what Brother Geo. H. Brimhall, chairman of the General Board Advanced Senior Committee, should have witnessed.

## What to Do in July

Many stakes have pleasure resorts located within their borders, or relatively near them. The M. I. A. should take advantage of these recreation centers and organize, supervise and direct a stake-wide excursion to one of them. Care should be taken in the social and recreation events, that high standards shall be maintained throughout the day and evening.

Suggestive program for the day's proceedings:

*Morning*—Patriotic program.

*Noon*—Picnic luncheon.

*Afternoon*—Games, bathing and dancing.

*Evening*—Social dancing.

If the program for the patriotic meeting be arranged on the theme "Great Leaders in Church and State," the idea of a Fourth of July celebration and a Pioneer Day celebration may be combined.

Important scenes in National and Church life should be depicted. Pantomime, pageantry, drama, music and speeches, all combine in making a worth-while celebration.

The following material may be of service in helping to plan such a program:

*The Continental Congress.* A one-act drama in four scenes, depicting the sessions of the historic body which developed the Declaration of Independence. This would be particularly appropriate on this anniversary year of the adoption and signing of that great document. The drama could be freely cut and make a very interesting feature. Published by Denver Chapter, Colorado Society Sons of the American Revolution. No price given.

*Flag of the Free—Festival of Freedom.* Pageants which revive the nations patriotic songs in tableau and story. These pageants are available from Community Service, 315 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 15c each. The Eldridge Entertainment House of Denver, Colorado, and E. S. Warner, New York, publish patriotic pageants, flag drills, etc., suitable for such a program.

### *Pioneer Scenes*

Short scenes depicting pioneer life could be presented, such as: Entrance of the pioneers into the valley, grasshopper war, Brigham Young and the Indians, etc.

*The Desert Shall Blossom as the Rose—An Allegory:*

"Desert" enters to the accompaniment of gray, doleful music, is dressed in loose, gray robes with a cowl over her head. She walks sadly about—a lonesome spirit. After a few pathetic attitudes and gestures, she sinks to the floor.

Enter trumpeters of "Progress" and "Development" to accompaniment of brilliant music. These are followed by the spirits of "Flowers," "Fruits," "Grains," "Vegetables," "Manufacturing," "Mining," dressed in appropriate costume. They frolic and dance in abandoned glee at the prospect of their growth and development in this new land.

They appeal to the sky to give moisture, they kiss the soil to make it fertile and they importune the "Desert" to cast off her barrenness. "Labor" enters. With his magic touch, he loosens the dreary garb that clothes "Desert." The gray robes fall to her feet and she stands revealed as a blossoming rose. She dances joyously about, she calls to her many spirits of "Fruits" and "Flowers," who join her in the dance.

All is brought to a happy climax as "Desert" and "Labor" stand hand in hand receiving the joyful homage of their children while the trumpeters "Progress" and "Development" blow their triumphant blasts.

The noon luncheon should be accompanied with toasts, stories, community

singing, etc. Games in the afternoon may be competitive between wards with prizes offered.

The whole day and evening should be well supervised, placed under the personal direction of the stake committee on recreation with a corps of able leaders to plan all details as to transportation, meeting, picnic, games, bathing, dancing, etc.

## Why "Mormonism?"

Studies for Associations Meeting Weekly During June, July,  
August and September

Three Lessons for July

### IV—Because of Its Free Agency Emphasis

1. Man as an intelligence co-existent with God. *Compendium Gems*, p. 287; Doc. and Cov. 93:29. 2. Man as a free agent co-responsible with God. 3. Things are done by common consent. 4. The frequent referendum in sustaining officers. (a) As a test of membership loyalty. (b) As a stimulation to faithfulness in office. (c) As a guard against official autocracy.

*Special Problem:* Distinguish between the righteous exercise of authority and official oppression.

*Questions and contributions from the audience.*

### V—Because of Its Philosophy of Eternal Progress

1. From Ignorance to Knowledge. 2. From knowledge to wisdom. 3. From bondage to freedom. 4. From death to life. 5. From the human to the divine. *Compendium Gems*, p. 283.

*Special Problem:* How are the doctrine of eternal progress and the theory of perpetual change related to each other? *Compendium Gems* p. 292. Doctrine and Covenants 63-51.

*Questions and contributions from the audience.*

### VI—Because of Its Perpetual Youth Aspect

1. The prophetic possibilities for eternal youth. Corinthians 15:52; Doctrine and Covenants 63:51; Isaiah 65:22. 2. The youthfulness of its ideality. (a) Hope. (b) Helpfulness. (c) Joyful anticipation. (d) High hopes. (e) Implicit confidence. (f) Dauntless helpfulness.

3. The practical provision through Temple Ordinance. (a) Welding mortal love links for eternity. (b) Causing wedding bells to ring in the spirit world. (c) Heroic release of prisoners.

*Special Problem:* Describe youthful spirit in an aged body.

*Discuss:* No Latter-day Saint ever grows old enough to feel like exclaiming "All is vanity, vanity, vanity!"

*Questions and contributions from the audience.*

## Substance of the Tobacco Laws as They Relate to Minors in Utah, Idaho, and Arizona

Utah—1925

Unlawful to barter, sell or offer for sale cigarettes, cigarette paper without first obtaining a permit and giving a \$500.00 bond. Body granting permit *shall* revoke same after notice and hearing for violation of law, and permit cannot be re-issued for two years after revocation.

Unlawful to sell, or furnish to minor any cigarette, cigarette paper, cigar, or tobacco in any form, or to keep for sale with intention of selling in violation of law, any cigarette, cigarette paper, cigars or tobacco.

Unlawful for proprietor of any place of business to allow a minor to smoke there.

Unlawful to advertise cigarettes, or cigarette paper in any manner.

#### *Idaho—1921*

Unlawful for minor to buy, accept or have in his possession any cigarette, cigar or tobacco in any form, or cigarette paper or wrapper intended for wrapping tobacco in the form of cigarette.

Unlawful for any person to give, sell or furnish, directly or indirectly, any cigarettes, cigars, or tobacco in any form to a minor, or permit a minor to frequent any premises owned, held or managed by him for the purpose of indulging in use of tobacco in any form.

#### *Arizona—1921*

Unlawful for any person to give, sell or furnish to minor any cigar, cigarette, cigarette paper, smoking or chewing tobacco of any kind and unlawful for any minor to buy, or have in his possession, or accept or receive from any person any such article.

### WHAT ABOUT OUR TOBACCO SLOGAN?

*"We Stand for the Non-use and Non-sale of Tobacco"*

"Tobacco \* \* \* is not good for man." Doc. and Cov. Sec. 98.

*Why?—Because—*

1. It lowers and stunts mental and physical growth and efficiency.
2. It blights and dwarfs spirituality.
3. It undermines respect for both God and man and their laws.
4. It creates an appetite for other drugs including alcohol.
5. It undermines politeness, courtesy and respect for others.
6. It is destroying our boys and girls. Listen to Herbert Hoover:

"There is no agency in the world today that is more seriously affecting the health, education, the efficiency and character of our boys and girls than the cigarette habit. \* \* \* Cigarettes are a source of crime."

#### *Is the Cigarette Evil Increasing?*

In 1917 forty billion cigarettes were sold in the United States.

In 1924 sixty-nine billion cigarettes were sold in the United States including about eight or nine billion sold to women, at a total cost of over a billion two hundred million dollars.

#### *Who Are the New Smokers of Cigarettes?*

"New smokers, boys and girls, begin with cigarettes and generally stick to it." *Tobacco Record*, March 26, 1924.

Few take up smoking after they leave their teens and the Tobacco Trust knows that recruits must come from boys, girls and women, and their advertising is designed to reach such.

#### *Why is the use of Cigarettes Increasing?*

1. Because it is fashionable.
2. Because of drug craving. The craving of users is progressive.
3. But principally because of the millions of dollars spent annually in advertising.

#### *What Can we do to Stem the Tide?*

1. Rigidly enforce the present laws both as to minors buying and merchants selling.
2. See that officers enforce the laws; co-operate with them. If they refuse to enforce the laws, see that they are replaced at the earliest moment with officers who will.



3. Co-operate with schools, churches, parent-teachers associations and all other associations interested in protecting and conserving our youth.

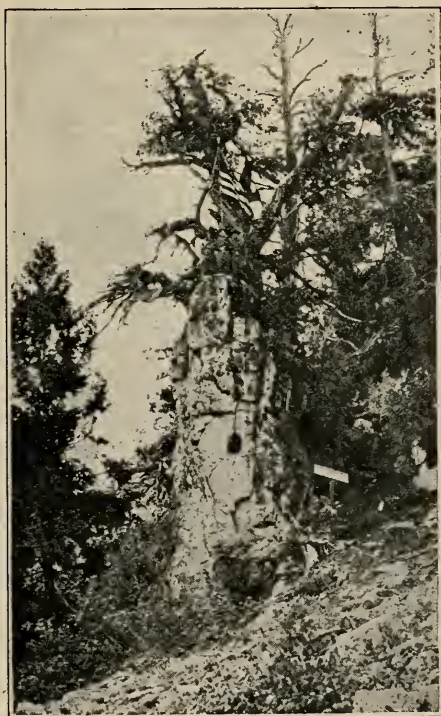
4. Co-operate with home, home evening programs, ward teachers. Use M Men's organizations and Boy Scouts to accomplish your ends, at least amongst boys and men of their age and even with officers and merchants.

5. Appoint a committee on law and order to carry the responsibility of the work and have them report frequently.

6. Impress upon our people in every way possible the sacredness and importance of the Lord's advice to us in the Word of Wisdom—"Tobacco is not good for man," and our Article of Faith, "We believe in honoring, upholding and sustaining the law."

## The Aged Juniper

Victor Lindblad, Scout Executive, Logan, Utah, sends these two pictures taken at the visit of Secretary of Agriculture J. W. Jardine to Logan recently. They were taken at the base of the Old Juniper Tree up the left-hand fork of Logan Canyon. This is the oldest living Juniper tree in the world, age 3,500 years. It is estimated that this tree was 1,500 years old when the Savior was on the earth. The actual bore for age was made by Doctor Cowles of the Chicago University. In picture No. 1, the Eagle Scouts guarding the tree are, Wilburn Wilson, Marinus Fannesbeck, and Harold Peterson. The picture No. 2, includes Secretary Jardine and the three boys mentioned above, and Scout Executive, Victor Lindblad.



*Old Juniper Tree, Logan Canyon*



This tree was named "Juniper Jardine," on this hike, in honor of Secretary Jardine.

### Pageant, "Saul of Tarsus"

The Joint M. I. A. of Nampa, Idaho, recently produced a pageant, entitled "Saul of Tarsus." It was done in order to portray more clearly the meaning and significance of the slogan to the boys and girls of the Mutual Improvement Association, as well as to the people of the city. The



SAUL OF TARSUS PAGEANT, NAMPA, IDAHO, M. I. A.

plot was written, and the costumes, scenery, lighting, etc., arranged entirely by our own talent. The production made a very favorable impression on the large audience that witnessed it. The picture represents the characters who took part.—*Arnold E. Johnson, president Y. M. M. I. A.*

## Y. M. M. I. A. Efficiency Report, May, 1926

| STAKES         | Membership | Average Attendance | Recreation | Scout Work | "M" Men | Monthly Joint Programs | "Era" | Fund | Monthly Stake and Ward Officers' Migs. | Ward Officers' Meetings | Total |
|----------------|------------|--------------------|------------|------------|---------|------------------------|-------|------|--|-------------------------|-------|
| Deseret        | 10         | 5                  | 7          | 7          | 7       | 8                      | 10    | 10   | 8                                      | 6                       | 78    |
| Ensign         | 9          | 6                  | 10         | 10         | 10      | 10                     | 10    | 10   | 10                                     | 10                      | 95    |
| North Weber    | 9          | 6                  | 6          | 10         | 5       | 9                      | 10    | 10   | 9                                      | 10                      | 84    |
| Oquirrh        | 9          | 4                  | 10         | 10         | 6       | 10                     | 10    | 8    | 10                                     | 10                      | 87    |
| Salt Lake      | 9          | 5                  | 10         | 10         | 10      | 10                     | 10    | 10   | 10                                     | 10                      | 92    |
| So. Sevier     | 10         | 5                  | 10         | 10         | 8       | 10                     | 7     | 7    | 10                                     | 8                       | 85    |
| Blackfoot      | 10         | 10                 | 9          | 6          | 8       | 10                     | 10    | 8    | 9                                      | 9                       | 89    |
| Boise          | 9          | 8                  | 9          | 10         | 7       | 8                      | 10    | 8    | 7                                      | 7                       | 83    |
| Curlew         | 5          | 5                  | 2          | ---        | ---     | 5                      | 10    | 10   | 3                                      | 3                       | 43    |
| Fremont        | 10         | 5                  | 8          | 6          | 5       | 8                      | 10    | 10   | 7                                      | 7                       | 76    |
| Idaho          | 9          | 4                  | 7          | 8          | 7       | 8                      | 9     | 10   | 7                                      | 5                       | 74    |
| Malad          | 9          | 5                  | 10         | 10         | 7       | 10                     | 10    | 10   | 9                                      | 10                      | 90    |
| Rigby          | 7          | 4                  | 7          | 3          | 5       | 6                      | 9     | 9    | 7                                      | 3                       | 60    |
| Yellowstone    | 9          | 5                  | 9          | 4          | 6       | 10                     | 10    | 10   | 10                                     | 6                       | 79    |
| Lethbridge     | 10         | 5                  | 10         | 10         | 10      | 10                     | 10    | 10   | 10                                     | 10                      | 95    |
| Calif. Mission | 10         | 10                 | 10         | 4          | 10      | 10                     | 8     | 10   | 10                                     | 10                      | 92    |
| N. W. States   | 10         | 10                 | 10         | 10         | 10      | 10                     | 8     | 8    | 10                                     | 8                       | 94    |

## Y. M. M. I. A. Statistical Report, May, 1926

| STAKES         | Should be Enrolled | No. Wards | No. Wards Reporting | Officers and Class Leaders' Enrollment | Ad. Senior Enrollment | Senior Enrollment | Ad. Junior Enrollment | Junior Enrollment | Total | Officers and Class Leaders' Attendance | Ad. Senior Attendance | Senior Attendance | Ad. Junior Attendance | Junior Attendance | Total |
|----------------|--------------------|-----------|---------------------|--|-----------------------|-------------------|-----------------------|-------------------|-------|--|-----------------------|-------------------|-----------------------|-------------------|-------|
| Deseret        | 471                | 12        | 10                  | 106                                    | 187                   | 160               | 17                    | 147               | 617   | 53                                     | 87                    | 70                | 10                    | 70                | 290   |
| Ensign         | 934                | 8         | 8                   | 85                                     | 158                   | 276               | 72                    | 283               | 874   | 68                                     | 74                    | 109               | 35                    | 211               | 497   |
| North Weber    | 640                | 13        | 13                  | 98                                     | 92                    | 146               | 30                    | 233               | 599   | 74                                     | 31                    | 63                | 18                    | 156               | 342   |
| Oquirrh        | 462                | 5         | 5                   | 51                                     | 94                    | 112               | 27                    | 149               | 433   | 41                                     | 21                    | 38                | 9                     | 80                | 189   |
| Salt Lake      | 1067               | 13        | 13                  | 136                                    | 157                   | 204               | 51                    | 405               | 953   | 91                                     | 69                    | 75                | 23                    | 253               | 511   |
| So. Sevier     | 200                | 8         | 7                   | 60                                     | 51                    | 31                | ---                   | 87                | 229   | 28                                     | 42                    | 27                | ---                   | 28                | 125   |
| Blackfoot      | 514                | 13        | 11                  | 94                                     | 120                   | 135               | 18                    | 151               | 518   | 70                                     | 81                    | 87                | 14                    | 90                | 342   |
| Curlew         | 125                | 10        | 3                   | 18                                     | 14                    | 12                | ---                   | 25                | 69    | 10                                     | 4                     | 6                 | ---                   | 13                | 33    |
| Fremont        | 657                | 14        | 11                  | 103                                    | 189                   | 162               | 32                    | 149               | 635   | 63                                     | 91                    | 61                | 18                    | 78                | 311   |
| Idaho          | 203                | 11        | 6                   | 41                                     | 76                    | 26                | 16                    | 24                | 183   | 16                                     | 43                    | 5                 | 2                     | 8                 | 74    |
| Malad          | 331                | 8         | 6                   | 64                                     | 61                    | 80                | ---                   | 85                | 290   | 36                                     | 41                    | 30                | ---                   | 35                | 142   |
| Rigby          | 520                | 13        | 9                   | 78                                     | 89                    | 78                | 22                    | 81                | 348   | 49                                     | 25                    | 28                | 6                     | 32                | 140   |
| Yellowstone    | 370                | 10        | 7                   | 50                                     | 100                   | 94                | ---                   | 93                | 337   | 31                                     | 55                    | 36                | ---                   | 42                | 164   |
| Lethbridge     | 232                | 9         | 8                   | 71                                     | 95                    | 63                | 28                    | 67                | 324   | 42                                     | 34                    | 34                | 12                    | 38                | 160   |
| Calif. Mission | 1046               | 34        | 34                  | 204                                    | 382                   | 224               | 71                    | 165               | 1046  | 163                                    | 243                   | 148               | 58                    | 108               | 720   |
| N. W. States   | 310                | 22        | 20                  | 83                                     | 171                   | 55                | 27                    | 36                | 372   | 66                                     | 134                   | 39                | 24                    | 27                | 290   |

Fourteen stakes held out to the end this year, and two missions; twenty-one, last year and one mission. "The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong," "but he that endureth to the end shall be saved."

## The Four Gospels

A report on the reading of the Four Gospels has been compiled and the result will be given in the *Era* as soon as the report has been passed on by the General Board Y. M. M. I. A. Also the testaments and certificates will be distributed and signed by the General Superintendency.



# Passing Events

*Father John J. Mitty, of New York, has been appointed bishop over Salt Lake diocese, to succeed the late Bishop Glass. The Rev. Mitty is a war chaplain and was appointed by the pope himself, says a dispatch from Rome dated May 28, 1926.*

*Abd-el-Krim surrendered to the French, May 26, according to an official announcement from Fez, Morocco, and was, later, sent into exile. This should end the military operations in the Riff country, and should also discourage Mohammedan agitators in other places from leading revolutionary movements.*

*Twelve hundred persons are reported killed by a cyclone and tidal wave that struck Burma, May 26, 1926. A huge tidal wave ascended the Naaf river, flooding the country and sweeping away villages to beyond Maungdaw, fifty miles inland. The cyclone swept the Arakau coast, doing much damage. All the cattle in the devastated area were killed.*

*The Crown Prince Gustavus Adolphus and the Crown Princess Louise of Sweden landed in New York, May 27, 1926, on the S. S. Gripsholm, of the Swedish-American line, and received an enthusiastic welcome by officials and vast crowds. The royal couple proceeded the same day to Washington, where they paid their respects to President and Mrs. Coolidge.*

*Brazil tendered its resignation from the Council of the League of Nations on June 10, and from the League on June 14. The reason for this step is that her demands for a permanent membership in the Council has not been granted. The resignation from the Council must be passed upon by the Assembly. The resignation from the League will not take effect until two years after it has been tendered.*

*A volcano in Tokachi Province, Japan, broke out, May 24, burying hundreds of human beings in mud and rocks. The volcano has been inactive for years, but it began rumbling on May 4. Many inhabitants then fled. Others were not so fortunate. The lake in the crater poured over the sides, inundating several villages. Many were drowned, and the waters, mingling with lava and earth, covered the rice fields and houses. Landslides occurred in many places.*

*Sanford Ballard Dole, the first and only president of the Hawaiian islands, died in Honolulu, June 9, 1926. During the bloodless revolution in 1893, Dole was elected head of the provisional government, which became the government of the Republic of Hawaii. In 1898 Dole headed an annexation mission to Washington. In 1900 Congress added Hawaii to the Union. Dole was the first governor of the Territory, and afterwards he became a U. S. judge, which position he held at the time of his demise.*

*Damascus was again bombarded by the French, according to a London dispatch dated May 20, and 300 houses, it is said, were destroyed. According to the story, the trouble began on May 6, when the Druses attacked French military posts, killing or capturing 28 soldiers at Bob-Mousalla. The French then surrounded the part of Damascus in which the raiders had taken refuge, and when the population failed to give them up, the French began a bombardment that lasted for 15 hours. Women and children as well as men fell victims of the bursting shells and falling walls.*

*A grave accusation is that which the Mexican consul general at New*



York, M. Elias, makes public against Monsignor Caruana, Roman Catholic bishop of Porto Rico and the West Indies, who recently was expelled from Mexico. The consul says the bishop entered Mexico under false pretenses. He declared himself a protestant teacher, who came as a tourist, and he reported that English was the only language he could understand. In support of his accusation, the consul sent to the press photostatic copies of the declarations the bishop made before the Mexican immigration authorities at Nuevo Laredo, Mexico, March 4, when entering Mexico.

*Captain George Wilkins* left Fairbanks, Alaska, June 11, abandoning, for the time being, his plan for exploration of the unknown Arctic regions. Major Thomas G. Lanphier, commanding Selfridge field, Michigan, unofficial observer in the expedition; Sergeant Charles M. Wiseley, who, like Major Lanphier, is on leave from the army; Alexander Malcolm Smith, superintendent of efforts to trek supplies by snow motor and dog team from Nenana, on the railroad, to Point Barrow, northern tip of Alaska, and Frederick Lewis Earp, newspaper correspondent, left with Wilkins. It is thought that an attempt will be made next year to find the land which Captain Wilkins believes exists between Alaska and the Pole.

*Senator Reed Smoot* suffered an attack of indigestion, May 28, and was by his physicians ordered to take a rest at the sea shore. Senator Smoot's illness is attributed by his doctor to over-exertion and exhaustion, rather than to what he had eaten. Always an indefatigable worker, the senator has been getting up every morning at 4:30 to play golf, and has kept his hours regardless of when he retired. Never robust, he finally overtaxed his strength, and his illness naturally resulted. The senator's family is anxious that he lay aside official duties and take a long rest, but the senator is loath to leave Washington for any length of time, especially as he has in charge a number of bills of importance that are slated to be considered before adjournment.

A \$175,000 fire destroyed the plant of the Utah Lumber Co., at West First South, Salt Lake City, June 2, 1926, and also a small residence next to the lumber yard. Fifteen thousand people are said to have witnessed the spectacular blaze. Among these was a young man from Ogden, Hanna by name, who was so overcome by the excitement, and perhaps the heat, that he fell down and expired, his heart being weak. Several firemen were also hurt, but none seriously. About 2,500,000 feet of lumber was destroyed, but the books and records of the company, and the horses were saved. The Utah Lumber company was organized thirty-one years ago. The officers are: F. S. Murphy of San Francisco, president; C. W. Nibley, vice president; C. E. Murphy, secretary-treasurer and general manager; R. L. Irvine, assistant general manager.

*The completion of the Victory highway* was celebrated, June 12, 1926, by representatives of Utah, California and Nevada. The festivities began at Wendover in the morning, on the Utah-Nevada line, and was concluded with a banquet given by the Commercial Club in Salt Lake City in the evening. The event marked the completion of the Truckee river highway through the Sierras and leading to the valley of the Sacramento and to San Francisco. They were celebrating the completion of seventy-five miles of graveled highway extending eastward from the Nevada state line to the end of the already improved highway at Timpie, a short distance beyond Grantsville. From the latter point there is a good highway and one that will stand up under traffic to the end of the pavement at the Salt Lake-Tooele county line. This highway is a "forty-mile-an-hour road" all the way, with many long, long stretches where the limit of speed is fixed by the mechanical limits of the automobile.

*The preparatory commission on disarmament*, appointed at the suggestion of the League of Nations, convened at Geneva, May 18, 1926, with

twenty nations represented. Among these were the United States and Germany. The U. S. minister to Switzerland, Hugh S. Gibson, is chairman of the American delegation, and Count von Bernsdorff represents Germany. The plan which the American delegates proposed to lay before the commission includes, (1) Limitation of battleship tonnage as fixed at the Washington conference to be extended to all classes of naval vessels; (2) limitation of land armament based on population and area of country, exclusive of colonies; (3) adoption of voluntary instead of compulsory military service. The commission adjourned on May 26, after having turned a number of technical questions over to sub-committees. Both Mr. Gibson, the American delegate, and Lord Cecil, the British representative, expressed themselves as pleased with the results achieved. The commission will convene again in the fall.

*The John Ericsson monument in Washington was unveiled May 29, 1926, in the presence of an immense throng, many societies of Swedish-Americans being represented. The Swedish Crown Princess Louise had the honor of unveiling it. President Coolidge spoke for America and paid an eloquent tribute to the Swedish people. He emphasized that John Ericsson was one of the great Americans who belonged both to the country of his birth and the country that adopted him. The Crown Prince, Gustavus Adolphus, speaking for Sweden, said in part: "To us Swedes this celebration of John Ericsson's memory is expressive of something more significant than his great contributions to modern science, John Ericsson is the incarnation of our desires and hopes for an unbroken friendship with America. He is both a promise and a fulfilment; in him are represented the common aims and aspirations of two free peoples, imbued alike with democratic ideals."* As the bunting was removed, carrier pigeons were released by sailors, who stood at attention in their white uniforms about the base of the monument, and the flags of the United States and of Sweden were unfurled, while a salute of twenty-one guns was fired from an eagle boat close by in the Potomac. The monument was dedicated although not yet entirely completed.

*Former U. S. Senator from Utah, Joseph L. Rawlins, died, May 24, 1926, at a Salt Lake hospital, at the age of 76 years. As one of the foremost members of the bar, a Democratic standard bearer, an ardent worker for statehood for Utah and a Utah senator, he has made a name for himself that will long live in the history of the State. Senator Rawlins was born at Mill Creek, March 28, 1850, a son of Joseph S. and Mary Rawlins. At the age of 18, he became a student at the University of Deseret. Later he attended the Indiana university, and was afterwards engaged as professor in Greek and Latin at the University of Deseret, and while so engaged, he began studying law, and was admitted to the bar in 1874, in the Third District court, and in 1875 in the supreme court of the Territory. In 1882 he was a member of the fourth constitutional convention in Utah. In 1892, he was elected delegate to Congress, and on Sept. 6, 1893, he introduced in the house his bill for the admission of Utah to Statehood. The bill passed and was signed by President Cleveland, July 16, 1894. In accordance with the Enabling Act, a constitutional convention was held in Salt Lake City and Utah was finally admitted to the Union, January 4, 1896. In March 4, 1897, he took his seat in the U. S. Senate, where he succeeded Arthur Brown. In 1903 he retired from Congress and resumed his law practice in Salt Lake City.*

*Willard Weihe, the violin virtuoso, passed away suddenly and rather unexpectedly, on June 5, 1926, at the office of Dr. H. Z. Lund in the Templeton building, Salt Lake City. He has been compared to Ysaye and also to Ole Bull, and there is no doubt that under favorable circumstances he would have become as famous as either, for he was passionately devoted to his*

art, and he had talents recognized by all who ever had the privilege of listening to his soul-stirring music.

Willard Weihe was a native of Oslo, Norway, born Oct. 17, 1856. He came here with his family at the age of 10 years. Two years previously he had played before Ole Bull, who offered to give the boy a musical education, but the offer was not accepted. He did take a course at the Royal Conservatory of Music at Brussels, and later at other European musical institutes. He was heard at the Lewis and Clark exposition, the Jamestown exposition, and the Chicago World's fair. For many years he has been prominent in Salt Lake musical circles. He has been a drawing number at many benefit concerts, and at many a funeral his wonderful music has been one of sympathy and consolation and hope to the mourners, for the strings of his instrument, at the firm, yet delicate, touch of his bow spoke his own feelings, at all times. Funeral services were held in the Assembly Hall, June 8.

*Funeral services for John Bushman*, were held in the Eighteenth Ward chapel, June 3, Bishop Thomas Clawson in charge. Elder Bushman was a Utah pioneer, an early colonizer in Arizona, and Indian war veteran and a temple worker. Bishop Bushman, was born June 7, 1843, at Nauvoo, Ill. His parents later settled in Highland Grove near Council Bluffs, Iowa, and four years later they crossed the plains to Utah, reaching Salt Lake in 1852. They lived at Lehi. Bishop Bushman married Lois A. Smith of Lehi Feb. 11, 1865, and they became parents of eight sons and four daughters. In 1877 he married Mary Peterson and four children were born to them. Three different times Bishop Bushman was called to serve in the Black Hawk Indian wars. With James Robinson, Peter Christopherson and others he was called by President Brigham Young in 1876 to colonize northern Arizona. For eight years he served as a counselor to President Lot Smith of Sunset stake. Later he became bishop of St. Joseph ward and held that position for nearly 30 years. He had been active all his life in religious and civic affairs and since 1917 has been a worker in the Salt Lake temple. Surviving are 11 children: Harmer F. Bushman, Snowflake, Ariz.; Mrs. Maria B. Smith, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Lois B. Smith, Salt Lake; P. A. Bushman, Zeniff, Ariz.; Mrs. Lillian B. Palmer, Mesa, Ariz.; Mrs. June B. Smith, Lethbridge, Canada; J. Virgil Bushman, Winslow, Ariz.; Jesse S., John L. and Alonzo E. Bushman and Mrs. Adele B. Westover, St. Joseph, Ariz.

*Alfred Lambourne*, well known writer of prose and verse, a painter of no ordinary talent, but above all, a passionate lover of nature in all its aspects, has laid aside his facile pen, his brushes and his easel, having been claimed by the hand of death, on June 6, 1925, after a lingering illness. He was born in England, the son of William and Martha W. Lambourne, and came with his parents to America in the 60's. With his father he walked almost the entire way from the Missouri river to Salt Lake, and even then, it is said, he began to sketch scenes along the route. Long before the days of good roads and automobiles, Mr. Lambourne visited Bryce Canyon and other out-of-the-way places, studying Nature, sketching and dreaming. Half a century ago, Alfred Lambourne was the leading scenic painter of the state and a number of his canvases depict with fidelity and taste scenes that were long after delineated by artists who believed themselves the first to make the drawings. One of his best known stories *Plet*, is based upon actual incidents in the Alta country—a great snowslide that took toll of several lives figuring prominently in the story. Published works of the author-artist include: *Our Inland Sea, Plet, A Christmas Tale, Memorabilia, The Old Journey, Three Season's Flowers, Holly and Easter Lilies, Cicadas; Home, Sweet Home, and Peace*. He is well known to readers of the *Era*, through his numerous contributions in verse and prose to this magazine. He was a true artist and a true friend, but he belonged to the select few, who seem to be "not of this world," living in anticipation of the realization of ideals. He will be sincerely

missed by friends and acquaintances. Funeral services of a very appropriate character were held in the Ladies' Literary Club, June 10. Mayor Clarence C. Neslen presided.

## My Native Hills

How I love you, dear native hills,  
    Wrapped in your cloaks of purest green;  
At sight of you my bosom thrills,  
    For I've beheld no fairer scene.  
O'er you with nimble feet I've run  
    When life was gay and sweet and new,  
When you were kissed by morning sun,  
    And richly jewelled with bright dew.  
While you were clad in frost and snow,  
    And chilly days did slowly pass  
I longed to see your flowers grow,  
    And tread your soft and tender grass,  
And roam o'er you in balmy May,  
    And pluck, with joy your dainty flowers;  
With fair companions young and gay  
    To while away the happy hours.  
No fresher breezes ever blew  
    Than stir your foliage, dear hills;  
No softer grasses ever grew  
    Than met the banks of your clear rills;  
No bird e'er sang a sweeter lay  
    Than your own cheery songsters sing;  
And none are happier than they,  
    And none more fleet upon the wing.  
When autumn comes with russet glow  
    And throws o'er you in Persian folds  
Her velvet mantle, hanging so  
    I see the beauty it unfolds,  
'Tis then your charm is most complete;  
    'Tis then my soul is over-awed;  
And, standing speechless at your feet,  
    I look beyond you to my God.  
For it was He who gave you form  
    And shaped you into temples grand.  
By mighty torrents from the storm  
    Which raged and lulled at His command.  
O may you ever stand secure  
    Through all the ravages of time;  
And through eternity endure  
    With stately mien, ye hills of mine.

*Logan, Utah.*

SAMUEL B. MITTON.



"We are very thankful for the *Improvement Era* and get great joy and satisfaction in reading it, the articles and sermons being very interesting."—*Henry D. Taylor, president Hartford, Connecticut Conference, Eastern States Mission.*

Does your picture appear in this issue of the *Era*? Or a picture in which you are especially interested? If so, would you like to have the engraving from which it was printed? We sell these engravings for a very small fraction of the original cost to us. Ask us about the one you want. Address your letter to Edward H. Anderson, Room 406 Church Office Building, Salt Lake City, Utah.

"In behalf of the missionaries of the California mission, I desire to offer commendation and express sincere appreciation for the support and great benefit derived from the contents of the *Improvement Era* by the missionaries. It not only edifies and strengthens the missionaries in their work, but is of itself a very effective gospel spreader. Many people will read the *Era* when they show reluctance in accepting and reading other literature. The missionaries all look forward with joy and satisfaction in their hearts to the arrival of the *Improvement Era* and when it is received it is read with much interest."—*Lorin C. Miles, mission reporter California mission, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.*

## IMPROVEMENT ERA, JULY, 1926

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## HUMOROUS HINTS

Village Constable, jokingly: "Now, Paddy, where would you be if the prison had its due?"

Paddy, tersely: "Riding alone."—*San Francisco Examiner.*

\* \* \*

Former: "Say, old man, can you let me have five——"

Latter: "No——"

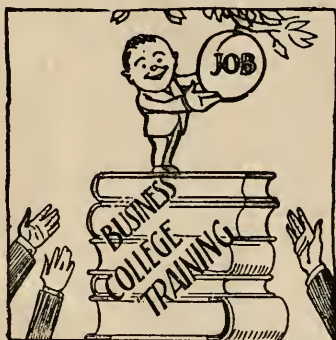
Former: "——minutes of your time?"

Latter: "——trouble at all, old scout."—*San Francisco Examiner.*

\* \* \*

The Irate Father: "I can see right through that chorus girl's intrigue, young man."

The Lovesick Son: "I know, dad, but they all dress that way now-a-days."—*Ex. Ax-i-dent-Ax.*



41-JAN-24

## How Are You Spending the Summer?

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CROSSING THE ATLANTIC

Out in an ocean boat afloat  
The waves are running high,  
A piece of bacon in my throat  
And a salt tear in my eye.

A rocking deck, a crook in my neck,  
And alas, my pork, goodbye!  
With a heaving swish I feed the fish  
And away to my bunk I hie.

O gods of peace, and gods of war!  
Whoever you be and wherever you are,  
Take me back to my home on earth,  
Or throw me out in the raging surf. (over)

# L. D. S. GARMENTS

The "Temple Brand" Garments are handled only by your leading merchants. We make a Variety of Grades and Weights to meet every requirement, with strings and buttons, long or short sleeves and legs as you want them according to seasonable desires. Samples submitted on request.

*For Ladies*

*For Men*

|  |        |
|--|--------|
| No. 1—Flat Weave Light.....                  | \$ .95 |
| No. 2—Ribbed Weave Light.....                | 1.25   |
| No. 12—Extra Quality Flat.....               | 1.25   |
| No. 803—Extra Quality Ribbed<br>Light .....  | 1.50   |
| No. 862—Extra Fine Mercerized<br>Lisle ..... | 2.25   |
| No. 22—Silk Stripe Med.....                  | 1.50   |
| No. 850—Imported Lisle Gauze....             | 1.95   |

|  |        |
|--|--------|
| No. 902—Ribbed Light Weight....              | \$1.25 |
| No. 903—Ribbed Extra Quality....             | 1.50   |
| No. 925—Med. Light Weight.....               | 1.75   |
| No. 962—Extra Fine Mercerized<br>Lisle ..... | 2.75   |
| No. 975—Med. Heavy Weight.....               | 2.25   |
| No. 990—Heavy Ecru. Cotton.....              | 2.50   |
| No. 9107—Wool and Cotton.....                | 4.00   |

To insure a good fit give bust measure, height, and weight, specify whether garments are for men or women, and state whether long sleeves, angle length or short sleeves, three quarter legs are desired. Garments marked 15c pair extra. We prepay postage to all parts of United States.

*Oldest Knitting Store in Utah*

**SALT LAKE KNITTING STORE, 70 Main St., Salt Lake City**

# "Wonderful Health Due To Fleischmann's Yeast"

"After four years' service in Cuba and the Philippine Islands," writes Mr. Louis B. Thomas, Philadelphia, Pa., "I suffered greatly from indigestion. In fact, I had no desire to eat, and the mere sight of food nauseated me. Nothing I took gave real relief.

"A friend suggested that I take a couple of Fleischmann's Yeast cakes daily—I did. In about a month the attacks of indigestion had disappeared. I enjoyed my food. I was soon my old self again. Since then I have had wonderful health and a clear complexion—all due to Fleischmann's Yeast."

Thousands of others have regained health, found relief from constipation and digestive disturbances by eating Fleischmann's Yeast regularly. Add this remarkable health food to your own diet.

Eat it, two to three cakes a day before meals, spread on crackers, in fruit juices, milk or water—or just plain, nibbled from the cake.

## FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

AT ALL GROCERS

Oh, boys, goodbye! I know I'll die.  
So send for Harmson True,\*  
And to the mat with the aid of his gat  
I'll go, old pals, boo hoo!

Tell my girl, that angel pearl,  
To take the other guy,  
For I, like a dub, with a gurgle and gulb  
On the floor of the ocean lie.

*Logan, Utah*

ARTHUR DALEY

\*True Harmson, a comrade from Arizona, was equipped with six shooter, chaps and stars enough to bluff all the officials from Phoenix to Amsterdam.



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SUMMER VACATION

you will travel in car or train. The  
roads are lined with accidents, are  
you protected?

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## Deseret News

Salt Lake City, Utah

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, PLEASE MENTION THE IMPROVEMENT ERA





# A Summer of Fun

AT

# New *Saltair*

For a day of glorious relaxation, an evening of dance delight, a frolic in the mid-way or a picnic outing—there is no place like gay Saltair.

Everything is beautiful and new—the music is wonderful—the dance floor is the finest in the world—the bathing department unequalled for cleanliness and general facilities.

Plan your parties for the Lake. Bring your crowd and come out!

Two fine motorways, plenty of parking space. Electric trains every half hour.

# *Saltair*

# Electric Refrigeration In Your Own Ice Box

You can install, at very moderate cost, Electric Refrigeration in your own ice box, and enjoy its wonderful benefits.

It will give you a service far beyond any you have ever received from the old fashioned refrigerator.

It maintains correct temperature for perfect preservation of foods, day in and day out, night and day, without attention. The regulation is obtained by the use of an unfailing automatic mechanism.

Call at our store and see this marvelous servant in action. Sold on most reasonable terms.

## Utah Power & Light Company

*Efficient Public Service*

She was so dumb, she spit the seeds out when she ate corn.—*Glen Perrins.*

\* \* \*

"Rastus, I see Mose sawing wood I hired you to saw."

"Yes, sah. I pays him a dollar and a quarter."

"But I only pay you a dollar."

"Yes, sah, but it's worth a quarter to be boss."—*Los Angeles Times.*

\* \* \*

Aunt Hetty: "Sakes alive! I don't believe no woman could be so fat."

Uncle Hiram: "What y' reading now, Hetty?"

Aunt Hetty: "Why, this paper tells about an English woman who lost two thousand pounds."—*Utah Farmer.*

## SALT LAKE LOAN OFFICE

I. SIEGEL, Your Jeweler

76 East 2nd South Street—One Door West of State Street

### SAVE MONEY—20 to 50 PER CENT SAVING

**Watches, Money Belts, Rings, Diamonds, ALL kinds of Jewelry, Trunks, Kodaks, Suitcases, Brief Cases, Traveling Bags, Guns, Binoculars, etc., etc.**

Come and let us SHOW you just HOW and WHY we can make you such remarkably LOW PRICES. We fully GUARANTEE all our goods. We take great pride in PLEASING our customers. Every sale means a friend. Buy from us once and we are sure you will COME AGAIN.

**Remember the name and the place.**

# LATTER-DAY SAINTS GARMENTS

From FACTORY direct to you. Made to ORDER Old or New Style.  
Lowest Price. Highest Quality.

| No. |                                  | No. |                                   |
|-----|----------------------------------|-----|-----------------------------------|
| 209 | All fine silk .....\$5.00        | 24  | Heavy bleached .....\$2.20        |
| 4   | Lt. flat weave ..... .95         | 10  | Med. 1/3 wool ..... 2.75          |
| 11  | Lt. cotton unbleached ..... 1.40 | 16  | Heavy 1/3 wool ..... 3.75         |
| 20  | Lt. cotton bleached ..... 1.60   | 18  | All Merino wool ..... 5.50        |
| 60  | Medium unbleached ..... 1.65     | 59  | Med. 1/2 silk 1/2 wool ..... 7.00 |
| 22  | Medium bleached ..... 1.85       | 21  | Light silk stripe wool ..... 4.25 |
| 19  | Heavy unbleached ..... 2.00      | 25  | Lt. 1/2 silk 1/2 wool ..... 5.00  |

If Postal M. O. is inclosed with your order POSTAGE will be PREPAID in U. S. Outside add 15c per garment.

Specify OLD or NEW Style, long or short legs or sleeves. Give these MEASUREMENTS for all styles: Length, from top of shoulder to inside ankle bone. Bust: Around body under arms. Sleeve: From shoulder seam down to length desired. Double backs 20c extra per Garment.

APPROVED LABEL AND CORRECT PATTERNS

## Model Knitting Works

No. 657 Iverson St., Salt Lake City, Utah.

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You may wait till tomorrow to insure—  
but the fire may not

*"See our agent in your town"*

UTAH HOME FIRE INSURANCE CO.

HEBER J. GRANT & CO., General Agents, Salt Lake City, Utah

# TRY OUR NEW GASOLINE BLU-GREEN

BOYCE-ITE Blu-Green gasoline is the only carbonless fuel in America today. Wherever you see Bennett's Boyce-ite treated gasoline featured be sure it is Blu-Green in color—or don't accept it.

## BENNETT'S SERVICE STATIONS

Ask your dealer for the famous Z. C. M. I. Factory-Made



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For men, youths, boys and children 9-oz.  
Copper Riveted

## Waist Overalls

For men and boys. Wear 'em and let 'er  
buck

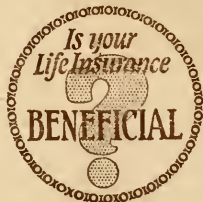
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*Guaranteed For Quality, Fit and Service*

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## Allovers and Play Suits

For Children



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